Why Gabrielle Ray's Marriage Failed. Page 339.


# Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

15.

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# Modern Life

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# ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

*(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")*

## OUR DEMOCRATIC KING AND QUEEN.

### The Vanderbilts Dined by Their Majesties at Cowes.

Their Majesties have just set a precedent! They have dined an American citizen and his wife for the first time. The fortunate lady and gentleman were Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and they had the honour of sitting down to dinner with the King and Queen on board the Royal yacht, "Victoria and Albert," in Cowes Roads on the evening of Bank Holiday. The Americans should take this as a great compliment, for such an event as a private gentleman and his wife from the States dining at the Royal table has never before happened. Mr. Vanderbilt is not the sporty young fellow who tools the Brighton coach, but his brother. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is the eldest son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, and having "married for love" he was cut off with a shilling in his father's will, but his brother, Alfred Vanderbilt, gallantly did "the right thing," and restored him a large share of the paternal fortune—one million pounds!

* * *

### Vanderbilt Heir to have £12,000,000.

Alfred himself had been left the whole fortune of his father, and he then came over to England and settled at Cæsar's Camp, Wimbledon, where his son and heir was born in September last year. On his thirty-fifth birthday, under his father's will, Alfred Vanderbilt came into another five millions sterling, so that his infant son may truly be said to have been "born with a silver spoon in his mouth." Alfred Vanderbilt inherited his main fortune at the age of twenty-one, and he has been spending money at a terrific rate ever since. But yet his "pile" grows enormously, and the child born at Wimbledon will certainly come into a sum not less than £12,000,000 if he lives. The Vanderbilts seem to be permanently domiciled in this country now. Alfred Vanderbilt's wife was, until 1910, the wife of a Dr. Smith Hollis McKim, but just three years ago she secured a divorce, came over to London, and married "Alfred V." at Reigate, in Surrey. Alfred had already divorced one wife. (It is regarded as rather good sport in America, married couples who remain undivorced for, say, ten years, being considered "frumps"!)

* * *

### Divorce not yet "Something Funny" in Britain.

Alfred Vanderbilt and his first wife were very much in love at first, and it took a long time to cool down. They rather staggered their friends by tolerating each other for the full ten years, but that was the limit. Alfred V. married Elsie French in 1901, and they were divorced in 1911. Now both the Vanderbilt brothers have a son. The Duchess of Marlborough is, of course, the best-known member of the Vanderbilt family on this side. She has been separated from the Duke for ten full years, but we are old-fashioned people, and divorce is not yet "something funny" in Britain. So the Duke and Duchess are unlikely to figure in the divorce news! While Alfred Vanderbilt is trying to spend a small portion of his wealth on horses and coaching, his brother is endeavouring to disperse some of his superfluous "oof" on yachting, and this year he has a clipper called the "Norna Star" at Cowes, and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador is his most important guest. "Mr. Cornelius" seems like to be in for "a career!"

* * *

### King George to Shoot with His Sporting Rival.

As already stated in these columns, the King and Queen are not going to do much country-house visiting after Cowes, but His Majesty is going to Studley Royal, as did his father in the Augusts of yore, when the shooting begins. King George now rarely meets Lord Ripon in Society, although his Lordship's wife was for so many years such a great friend of Queen Alexandra's. But Lord Ripon has the distinction of being one of the few men who can meet his Majesty on equal grounds when out with the guns. Lord Ripon's record of "bags" is one of the heaviest in the country. In twenty-eight years he shot 111,190 pheasants, 89,401 partridges, 47,469 grouse, 26,747 rabbits, 26,487 hares, 2,735 snipe, 2,077 woodcock, 1,393 wild duck, 381 red deer, 186 deer, 94 pigs, 94 black game, 45 capercailzie, 19 sambhur, a dozen buffaloes, 11 tigers, 2 rhinoceroses, and, in addition, a miscellaneous assortment amounting to close upon 8,500.

* * *

### The Heirlessness of the Ripon Family.

Lord Ripon is down to receive the Garter ere long. His late father, that old gentleman who was for so long Leader of the Liberal Peers, was the only Viceroy of India who had the Garter when he went East. All the other viceroys who have worn the Blue Riband have received it after their viceroyalty, not before. Lord and Lady Ripon have no children, and there is no heir to their titles. The De Grey Robinson family have always had bad luck in this way, and they have been frequently elevated to almost the highest rank, only to lose all their honours by the failure of heirs. Lady Ripon was the widow of an Earl of Lonsdale before she married the owner of Studley Royal. Queen Mary is not going with the King to Studley Royal, but will remain in London after Cowes, and will next meet His Majesty at Balmoral.

* * *

### Prince Arthur and His Titles.

It must be very gratifying to Prince Arthur to note the amount of speculation going on about himself and his pretty bride-to-be. After the marriage the couple are to be known as "Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught." The "Duchess of Fife" will cease to figure amongst the titles now familiar in this country. The reason for this is that the Duchess "goes up one" by her marriage. At present she is not a Royal Highness, but only a Highness, and her dukedom is not a Royal title, but merely the last title upon the roll of the Dukes of England. As the wife of Prince Arthur, however, the young Duchess becomes a Royal Highness, and hence her own title will cease to figure. By-the-way, we thought we had sufficiently quashed the question about Prince Arthur being given some higher status than that he at present holds.

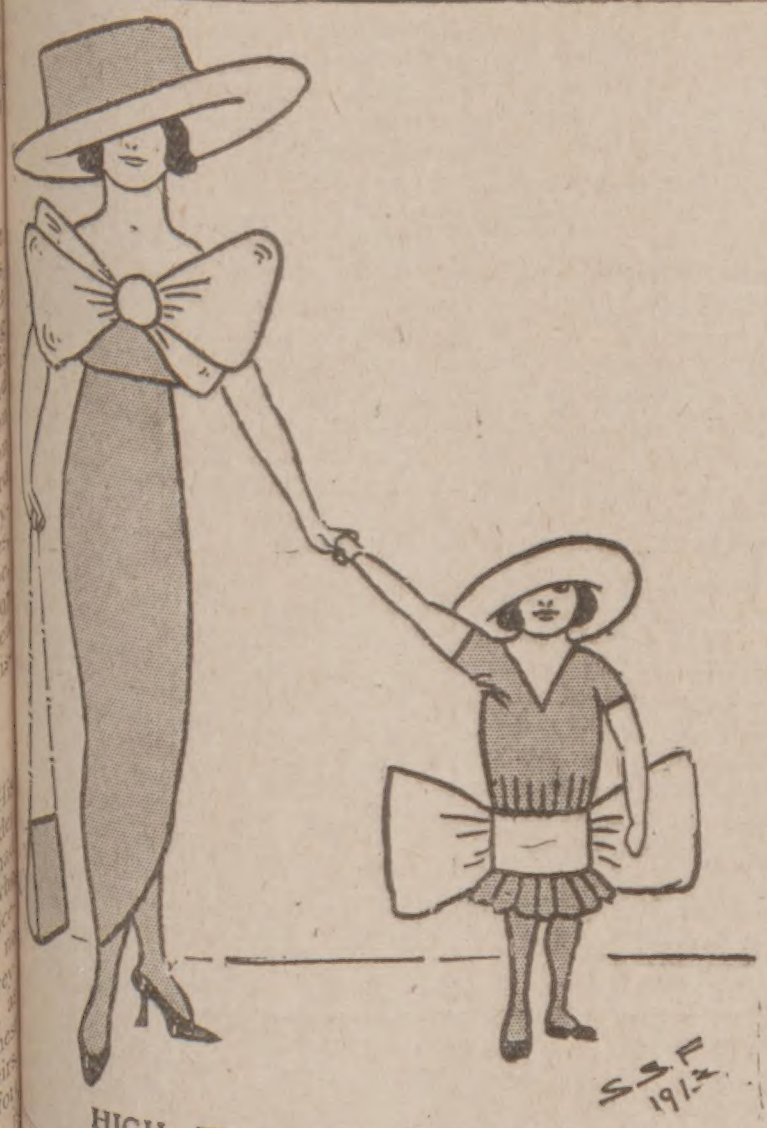
The sillier papers, it is true, have ceased to arrange Prince Arthur's titles for him, but there is still the *Observer* asking "if any of the old Royal dukedoms will be revived as a title for Prince Arthur?" We can answer that question. Prince Arthur will remain "where he is." No old dukedoms will be revived for him. Nor would he desire it. He is already heir to the dukedoms of Connaught and Strathearn—the latter a centuries-old title!—and until he becomes nearer to the succession to the throne than he is now, his official style and title will remain unaltered.

* * *

### A Rose-Shamrock-and-Thistle Royal Duke.

The old Royal dukedoms will, of course, be revived for the sons of the King. They are the Dukedoms of York, Gloucester, Sussex, Kent, Cambridge, Clarence and Edinburgh. Prince Albert will be made Duke of York, as the eldest brother of the Prince of Wales. Precedent will be followed exactly. The Dukedom of Clarence will fall to the next son, and Sussex, Kent and Gloucester to the other two. Whether the Cambridge title will be revived is uncertain, although Queen Mary herself represents the Cambridge family upon the throne, her mother having been the sister of the last Duke of Cambridge.

As a Royal title Cambridge is over seven hundred years old. It is by no means improbable that the King will revive the Dukedom of Dublin for one of his sons. "A rose-shamrock-and-thistle" arrangement would not be unique in the annals of the Royal family. Such an arrangement of titles



HIGH TIDE AND LOW TIDE.

made for the seventh son of King George III., when Adolphus Frederick was made Baron Culloden (in nd), Earl of Tipperary (in Ireland) and Duke of Cam- (in England).

* * *

**oyal Infants Created Dukes Nowadays.**

days of yore the sons of the monarch were be-duked in . King Charles like to be-title his bastards while ere in their cradles—(he was very fond of his love- en, was the Merrie Monarch!)—but King George III. ed the custom of making peers of his children until were of responsible age. At present, the only member King's family who has a peerage is the Prince of who could sit in the House of Lords if he desired as of Cornwall.

* * *

**oder-Ray Reconciliation Probable.**

arn that there is no probability of Mr. Eric Loder ever ing to Miss Gabrielle Ray. The marriage was one without sympathy. A sudden, mad infatuation, main- at a degree of theatrical tension which soon resulted riage, was found to be no bond at all when the married life had to be surmounted. Eric Loder, in love, boldly faced social ostracism, and ense annoyance of his family, only to repent he had been married a month. However, ung couple might have shaken down, like many who have made the mistake of imagining an infatua- be *real* love, if it had not been for the unfortunate of the delayed wedding, and the tremendous adver- which the incident gave to the marriage. It was al mistake on the lady's part, and, if the iron entered Loder's soul at the heartless way in which he was he would have been inhuman had he not resented it. Loders were not in a position to take such risks as abrielle Ray put upon them!

* * *

**Wonderful Rise of the Loders.**

rise of the Loders has been almost phenomenal. years ago they were unknown to Society. But Ted had the good fortune to find himself loved by a of Sussex heiress; and when they got wed, and pro- to lay up heirs to their fine properties, Ted began to in Society. His wife's Sussex mansion, Leonardslee, mirably placed, surrounded as it is by so many very nt people. Altogether Ted Loder begat eight sons, with the exception of one or two grandsons (amongst Eric Loder) all the family have contrived to help on ocial growth, until they may now be said to rank amongst the most important county families in England. In consideration of their social and political achievements, the late Queen Victoria honoured Ted's father with a baronetcy, and a few months later the old gentleman died, and Ted became "Sir Edmund Loder, Bart.," and entered the Athenæum.

Of Sir Edmund's brothers, Gerald has done best in the world of politics, and Eustace best on the turf. And their success has been wonderful. Gerald married a Duke's daughter (and no wall-flower, either!), and together Gerald and Lady Louise Loder played the "Member for Brighton and Lady" with immense *éclat*. And Brighton is no sinecure as a seat in Parliament.

* * *

**Major Loder, Spearmint, and the Entente Cordiale**

Eustace Loder has had a career on the Turf which is as interesting as it is remarkable. He began with the Army, but had no luck during his fifteen years in the 12th Lancers, for he never was under fire, nor once on foreign service. So he "chucked" soldiering and took to horses. He never bets, and women fail to fascinate him. He has headed the list of winning owners, and he will long be remembered as the owner of Spearmint, which won the Blue Riband in 1906. But Major Loder has done more. For the moment of his greatest triumph was when the French President Falliéres grasped his hand and congratulated him upon winning the Grand Prix.

* * *

**When British Backers Grew Shy of the Grand Prix.**

It was thirty-four years since an English horse had won the Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris, and Spearmint had won both. Never was there such a day on the French turf. Spearmint was, by the way, the grandson of Minting, which won the Grand Prix in 1886, and was the last English horse to win the French Derby. In fact, such shocking luck had attended all English efforts to win that prize that quite a large number of sporting men decided never to have another penny on an English horse for the Grand Prix. They said that no English horse could stand the rough

**Old Fruity (after offering his visitor a glass of wine): "Now my boy, what do you think of this, it's what I call real honest wine."**

**Old Crusty; "Um—yes—poor, but honest."**

crossing. And there seemed good grounds for this belief. However, Spearmint put things right at last, and Major Loder cemented the *entente cordiale* in 1906 as no statesman could have done. Another of the brothers Loder scored an interesting connection with the aristocracy by marrying Lady Margaret Hare, a daughter of the third Earl of Listowel. With such a position, it was but natural that Mr. Eric Loder's marriage with an actress, however charming, was not an alliance to roast the fatted calf over!

## JOKES COMPETITION.

The Editor offers a prize of 10s. each week to the reader who sends the Best Joke *suitable for illustration*. Original and topical jokes will, of course, stand the best chance, but a really good chestnut which has not been out for an airing lately will also be in the running. The current issue may be consulted for an idea of the kind of thing we want. The Competition will be judged at noon on Wednesday in each week, and late arrivals will be included among the competitors of the succeeding week. Envelopes or postcards must be marked "Joke Competition," and addressed to the Editor, *Modern Life*, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

This week's prize is awarded to—

**MR. J. CATTERALL,**

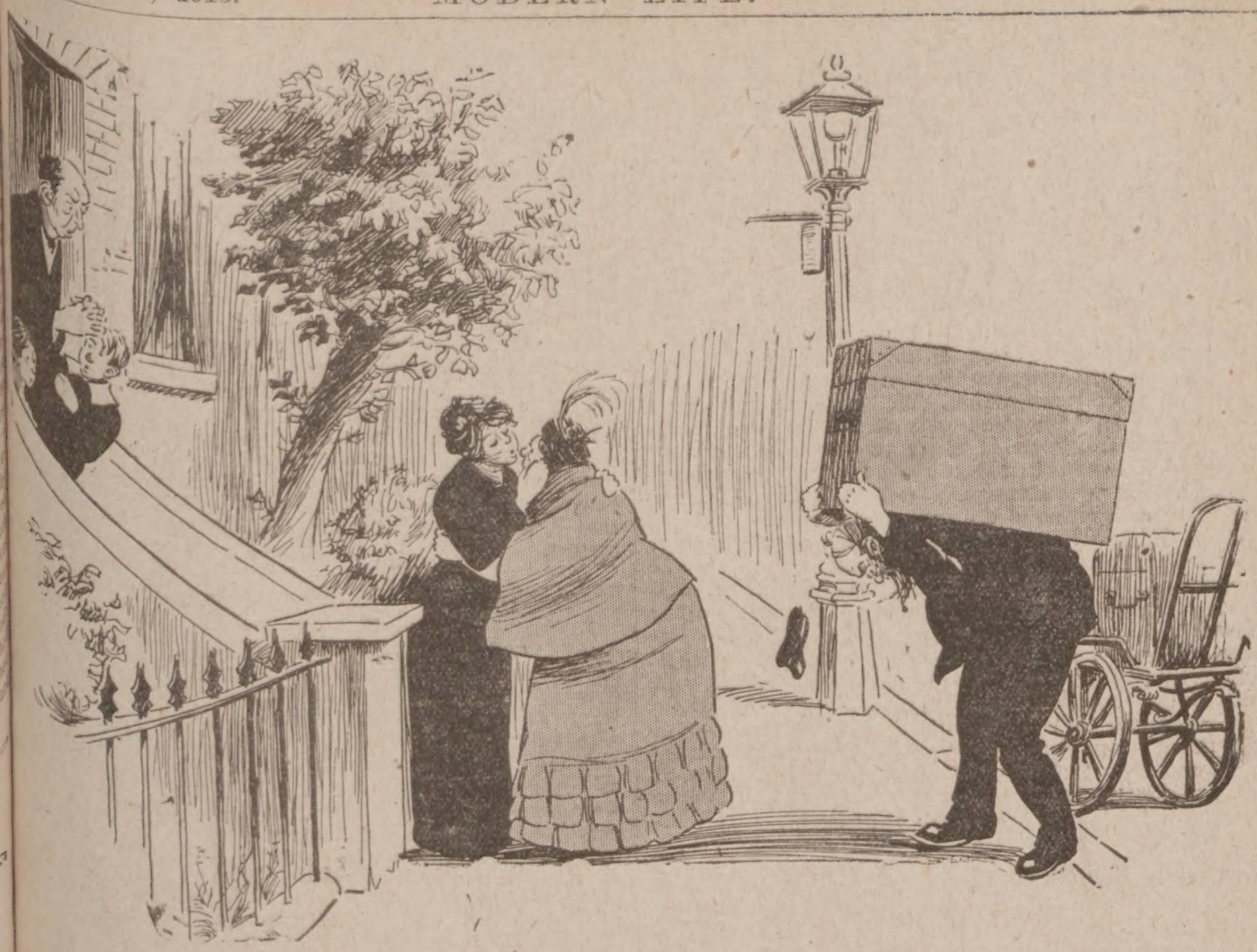
**56, Parker Street, CHORLEY.**

# PLAIN SPEAKING.

### The Trouble on the Rand.

History is repeating itself on the Rand. Sandwiched between matter of apparently greater moment concerning the threatened strike there appeared in the newspapers last week an extremely illuminating rumour or statement to the effect that the mine-owners are dismissing white employés because native labour is scarce, very many of the "boys" having departed home. Same old game! Our memory harks back to the days immediately preceding the introduction of Chinese labour to the gold mines. Then we were told, day after day, that native labour was unobtainable, and that consequently no work could be found for white miners—that, indeed, those already employed must be discharged in the interests of shareholders of the mines. It was demonstrated by Mr. Cresswell that white labour, that is to say, practically unskilled labour, such as is furnished by the Kafirs, who, then as now, worked under the supervision of white men—could be economically employed even on low-grade ore. Scores of people throughout South Africa knew perfectly well that more native labour was forthcoming than was required, but that the cosmopolitan mining magnates were daily refusing it and instructing their agents not to look for it. But neither of these things made any difference. Put in a nutshell the Randlords had adopted a policy of starving out all opposition to their plans. They were determined to have Chinese labour, and they got it.

**Fervent Reformer: "And our next step, my friends, must be to abolish the peers."**
**Harbour-Master (Winkleton-on-Sea): 'Wot! Don't let me catch yer tryin' yer games on with *our* pier, *young feller!*"**



CRICKET EXPRESSIONS: "LONG STOP."

### The Starving-Out Policy.

Now, apparently, the same ruthless game is again to be dictated. The interests of shareholders are to be ignored while a deliberate policy of satrving out the recalcitrant white miners is pursued. That is the meaning of the apparently innocent little paragraph which provides us with a text. We will watch further developments with interest. Of course, there may not be developments, for South Africa now has a responsible Government, and Generals Botha and Smuts, the two great powers of the Ministry, are quite aware of all the capitalists' little wiles, and will not be hoodwinked as on Downing Street a few years ago. We confidently anticipate legislation which will not be palatable to the cosmopolitan gang of capitalists who are on the Rand solely for the purpose of draining it of its gold. The present South African Ministry, as will probably be revealed before long, has the welfare of the country at heart, and will not allow the Randlords to pursue their own sordid ends regardless of anything except their own pride and pockets. By the way, we notice that some of the Radical newspapers still hug the delusion that Chinese labour ceased because of the ridiculous "Chinese slavery" agitation in this country. Nothing of the sort! The Randlords tried the Chinese experiment and found it very costly. Consequently they put up merely a show of opposition to the repatriation of the Celestials. If the experiment had been really successful we have a shrewd idea that the Chinaman would be in the Transvaal to this day.

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### Antiquated Railways.

During the holiday week-end—and especially during a period of three hours spent on a railway journey to the South Coast, which was scheduled at under two hours—we have had opportunity to ruminate upon the curious and unfortunate fact that the railways of Great Britain with which the foreigner most comes in contact are precisely those which are the most antiquated, the most hide-bound and the most callous in regard to the interests of passengers, of all that this country can boast—and that is saying a good deal. We refrained, a few weeks ago, from adding our voice to the chorus of disapproval that arose concerning the arrangements and facilities provided for Continental travellers at Dover and Folkestone, although we have been victims more than once in recent months. Extended experience has demonstrated that Brighton alone, of all the South Coast resorts within a reasonable distance of London, has anything like a decent railway service. It is only the long-suffering sheep-like attitude of the average Londoner which permits a continuation of such antediluvian methods in these days of high speed. Suburban traffic around the big Northern and Midland towns is years in advance of London, and excursion and holiday traffic is dozens of years ahead. After all, the companies are not entirely to blame. Just as long as the public will put up with railway carriages only fit for the scrap heap, and will suffer with only a mild grumble an entire disregard for time-tables, they will continue to get this kind of thing.

* * *

### To Increase the Population.

The proposal of the French Government to tax unproductive members of the community, that is to say, celibates and childless couples, has created very great interest in this country, and we gather that there are quite a number of people who would like something of the sort on this side of the Channel. The only freedom that will be left to us before long will be the freedom to get married. It is curious, by the way, how the number thirty seems to run in the heads of those who struggle with the birth-rate. In France bachelors over thirty years of age are to be taxed, and the sum of thirty francs is to be paid for each child short of the proposed "compulsory" family of three. In this country we pay thirty shillings to any industrious mother who increases the population, thirty shillings is a favourite sum to be paid as deposit by those who set up a house on the hire-purchase system, and thirty shillings is said to be the minimum wage on which a man can support a wife and family. If this sort of thing goes on thirty will soon come to be regarded as the unlucky number, in place of thirteen.

* * *

### The Ideal Family.

The trouble with all these enthusiasts who desire to raise the birth-rate is that they wish to do it at somebody else's expense. The desirability of large families is always being impressed upon those who cannot afford to bring up a numerous flock by cold-blooded scientists who have not the faintest idea of following their own good advice. Thus we have Dr. Bertillon declaring that "in order that a family may pay what it owes to the State it should consist of at least three children." But what is Paterfamilias to do about paying what he owes to other people for bread and butter

and clothing? We fancy he will scoff at Dr. Bertillon's counsel of perfection, and echo the historic words "L'Etat c'est moi!" when he is considering the necessary details of ways and means. Of course, in England we are not faced with a rapidly declining birth-rate, so that the problem is not particularly acute. Nor, happily, is there any apparent necessity for a large increase in State revenue, which is the unfortunate position which has brought about all these interesting speculations across the Channel.

* * *

**Population and Emigration.**

Personally, we regard with equanimity all the doleful prophecies of impending ruin to the nation if we in this country do not stimulate the increase of population and retard the outflow by emigration. We believe that there are far too many people in these isles at present, and that a steady transference, even of many of our best and most enterprising citizens, to British colonies is a very healthy way of letting blood. The Cassandras forget, in any case, that the extensive emigration of the present day is only a temporary phase which will receive a sharp check when the waste places of Canada are filled up. In this connection we would like to point to the curious fact that those who grumble most at emigration are precisely the people who profess to be rabidly Imperialistic in their views. But that is a side issue, which would, however, provide a text for a series of reflections that would more than fill this paper. At any rate, in spite of the thousands of emigrants, and in spite of the tremendous boom in trade, there seems to be not enough work in this country to go round, and with so many millions living on the starvation line it is sheer nonsense to start an agitation for bringing even more into the world so long as social conditions remain as they are at present.

* * *

**Should Girls Propose?**

But the question of the legitimate increase of population is not the concern of France and of England only. We note that a kindred subject is agitating the minds of the good people of Sweden just now. It is seriously suggested that the right to propose marriage should be accorded to Swedish women by Act of Parliament, which seems to us one of the most amusing and most unnecessary propositions that has been put forward for many a long day. Swedish women must differ very considerably from their sisters in other lands if such a piece of legislation would make the slighest difference to them. In any case there is no law to prevent them popping the question. Doubtless many of them do, or have done, with more or less happy results; and in a matter where custom and convention is infinitely more powerful than law we doubt whether fifty Acts of Parliament would help the timid ones very much. The *Daily Mirror* has been busy collecting opinions of more or less eminent personages on this matter—which was decidedly worth the trouble if only for the delicious pronouncement of the bachelor Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester. Says this ingenuous cleric, with acute knowledge of his own fatal fascination, no doubt, "I hope man may retain his now almost solitary privilege of proposing marriage. Life would be intolerable if every woman could propose."

* * *

**More Aids to Matrimony.**

Then, again, the same problem—or one leading up to it—is perturbing some worthy folk in New York, where a Baptist minister, the Rev. John Gunn by name (he ought to be canonised for his brilliant idea) has initiated a "spooning parlour" in connection with his church, an example, we are told, which is to be followed by several of the leading religious organisations in New York city and other parts of the country. But the report of Mr. Gunn's efforts to promote matrimony—and, quite incidentally no doubt, to increase the popularity of his place of worship—is so delightful, and so suggestive withal, that we must refrain from comment, and quote the actual words in the *Daily Telegraph* concerning this epoch-making institution. "Two large rooms, with a wide opening between them, in the rear of the meeting hall of the church, are the 'spooning parlours.' They are comfortably furnished, and *provided with an ample supply of sofas*. There is a chaperone always within call, with expert advice on how to propose. (And we always understood American men were enterprising!) There is a piano also to stir sentiment, and twice a week moving pictures." Altogether a moving picture! The pity is that the story hails from America, and must therefore be regarded with suspicion in view of the knowledge of the American Press correspondent that our leading newspapers will swallow anything in the shape of "news" so long as it is well served up.

**The End of the Flapper.**

After reading a few days ago about the shocked surprise of a number of Canadian girls, touring Europe under the auspices of an enterprising Canadian newspaper, when they first set eyes upon the English "flapper," it is bewildering to note that it is the flapper who was responsible for the appointment of the first woman policeman in Canada. This was at Edmonton, and the lady who fills the office apparently has her hands full in looking after the welfare and the behaviour of girls under the age of seventeen. No doubt such an official could do very good work in any large town, but we imagine the flappers will not relish the prospect of having all their fun interfered with even by a lady policeman who a lace jabot, unless they are old enough to carry round with them a birth certificate showing that they have passed seventeen, and have thus come to the years of discretion. When we saw an article in an evening contemporary a day or two ago on "August Flapper-shooting" we feared at first that even more stringent measures were to be taken in this country, but happily a perusal of the article revealed the fact that it was young wild-fowl with feathers that were concerned.

* * *

**Flappers and Militants a Kindred Symptom.**

A suggestion is made in the *Referee* that the existence of many young militant suffragettes is due to their desire to get away from the boredom of home life. But surely that is done by the flapper in far more pleasant fashion, and with far more delightful effects upon others. In these days of "spooning parlour" cinematograph shows and the thousand-and-one manifestations that modern people, girls as well as boys, indulge in far more amusements and sports than were ever dreamt of in the days of their grandmothers. It is surely a curious proposition that utter boredom is driving our girls to revolt, to break windows, to scratch the faces of unoffending polite policemen, and to burn down the houses of innocent people. We are afraid the cause of militancy goes psychologically far deeper, to more tained sources. And, anyhow, the militants, we are always told, are women who have heaps of resources in themselves, being educated to a high pitch of excellence and altogether superior to their more peaceable sisters. So we decline to accept the boredom theory, although they certainly succeed in boring.

**1913 being acknowledged as the veterans' year, Grandfather, desirous of emulating the performances of Hayward, Braund, Tyldesley, De Trafford, Quaife, and others (not to mention "W.G."), turns out for his old club and gets given out first ball for "Whiskers before wicket."**

# OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

## AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Who is the peeress who boasts a "transformation" room; and what did her husband say when he entered into his kingdom and found no fewer than twenty-three wigs all ready dressed in her ladyship's pet and individual style on blocks arranged on a long table? Does this in any way account for his frequent visits to a little flat in Bayswater, where his pretty friend boasts a wealth of lovely hair—all attached to her head?

* * *

We should like to know whether in a recent theatrical case some startling evidence couldn't have been brought forward, and what gigantic influence had been at work to hush it up and keep it dark. Whether, if those who were in the know had told all they knew, the lady would have come off so well, and whether she isn't thanking her lucky stars that the situation turned out as it did?

* *

Why was a recent divorce case conducted so quietly, and why was so much important evidence suppressed? And how much was paid for this concession, and what about that dinner at the Savoy the evening previous to the hearing? Were the Press satisfied with the way they were treated, and did all of them find their way home all right and frame their reports straight off. They couldn't have taken more than five minutes to write, any way.

*

Why is the ducal divorce being repeatedly postponed? Is it true that the influence of a very exalted lady has been at work for some time, so much that even she finds His Grace more than usually difficult to tackle and is almost determined to throw up her hands in despair. The latter must have been feeling rotten the day he said to a friend "My dear old chap, I don't care *what* the consequences might be. I'll have done with her no longer." It's a pity he wasn't more wide awake when his marriage was being arranged. What a lot of trouble might have been saved all round.

*

Why could not the son of a very very old English family get on at home? Also why did he find the Army comfortable? Was he so hard up that taxi driving was his last resource? What was the exact feeling that came over him when his taxi was called up to the Lyric a few weeks ago, and his father entered in company with a modern girl? What did the old man say when "the driver" sprang from his seat and stood by the open door with his hand at the salute, and is "the old lady" ever likely to find anything of her supposed pious husband's little flutter?

* * *

Why has the pretty typist returned the watch bracelet to the well-known writer, and is not the persistence on his part bordering on the ridiculous?

* * *

When is the much talked of wedding between the handsome peer and the dark-haired flapper coming off, and what does his married son think of the situation?

Is it not about time that some worthy official who represents the public morals paid a visit to the rooms over a notorious West End saloon near Leicester Square Tube?

* * *

Did the youthful King of Buganda enjoy the reception meted out to him by Miss L. at a stage door in Drury Lane the other Saturday, and is it not a good thing his complexion is so dusky?

* * *

How is Mrs. Langtry doing as a cinema actress, and is she any draw at all now? Why is she absolutely loathed by the majority of women with whom she has been professionally connected? And is it because she thinks she is getting very *passée*, and is jealously inclined to get the upper hand sometimes where youth and beauty are to the fore in another woman? Well, 'twas ever thus!

* *

We should like to know whether the two pretty and smartly dressed white girls who were seen parading with two negroes at Earl's Court Exhibition on Saturday evening have any idea of the real identity of their escorts, and whether they would be wise to immediately break off the association?

* *

The name of the actor-manager who lost four hundred pounds the other night to a well-known actor? And whether the man who always wins is known as being the meanest man on the stage?

* *

Whether, in spite of police vigilance, gambling is greatly on the increase at Maidenhead, and whether it is known that numbers of gambling house proprietors offer handsome commissions to pretty chorus girls for the introduction of their various male admirers to the tables?

* *

The name of the handsome Russian lady who took "French leave" with the silver toilet set in the ladies' yachting club at Cowes?

* *

Is it true that Solly Joel, the multi-millionaire, refused to give consent to the marriage of his daughter Doris to Mr. Arthur Walter on account of having himself "been about town" with the bridegroom and become too intimately acquainted with the latter's *affaires d'amour*? Also that he threw the contents of his champagne glass over Walters when the latter revealed the fact of his marriage in the marquee at Goodwood? And how long will it be before the pair are forgiven?

* * *

Is not the daughter of a popular South London parson unwise to be so open in her flirtation with a member of the Margate concert party? Was his lateness at the evening performance last week due to the walk they had together—and did he consider the said walk worth the "sack"?

* * *

Is not the man who is walking across America with a donkey because he lost a bet, in reality one of a pair?

**The Shy Man: "What would you do if I were to kiss you?" The Girl: "I should die—of surprise."**

# ALMOST A HERO.

Mr. James Lessing, who for fifty weeks of the year worked in a Lombard Street bank, was lying on the sandhills puffing luxuriously the cigarette of romance which he had selected in preference to the cigar of satire and the pipe of power.

A young man of romance, unspoilt by a steady if small income, he looked on his life as it was for two weeks out of the annual fifty-two. The real James Lessing lived in those fourteen days. For the other three hundred and fifty you saw him merely at a hobby he was rather keen on.

Around him that sunny summer afternoon all was peace. There was not a girl in sight; no worldly-minded mothers, scenting him as a marriageable young man, could persist in throwing their female offspring at him. His idea always had been to win the girl of his heart in the chivalrous sense of the term. Even in this workaday world, he decided, there were chances. And he was so unlucky at backing horses, so frequently pipped by a spot at cards, that it seemed he must be lucky in love.

Musing on such things as this he sat there and, all unknowing, awaited the True Romance.

It came upon him first of all with the sound of scurrying among the sandhills, where the ground rose and fell gently seawards. Presently he was aware of a head and shoulders above the lank, spiky, sand-grass on a far hill, and there was a girl's hair streaming in the wind.

A two hundred per cent. prettier face than had ever been cast at him before showed up under the afternoon's staring blue. But there was terror on that pretty face, and fear was living in those nice eyes.

James got up cautiously. He was of the stuff and cut of which present-day heroes in the drawing-room plays are made. His own taste in cloth patterns and the art of his Bond Street tailor had seen to that. He put on his suède gloves in careless negligé fashion—one unbuttoned. He set his black silk knitted tie aright, and bestowed a hasty look down to his most vulnerable spot.

Thank goodness, his socks were above reproach! They were neat, with some simple white diamonds on black—really his dress socks, but for all that not out of place. With his smart but hand-sewn patent shoes, they gave an unusual but distinctive touch. The crease of his trousers was keener than the sword's edge. He sallied forth peerless and unafraid.

He was not too soon, either, for he had barely managed to run up to the girl at a pace consistent with keeping the sand out of his shoes, than he saw approaching a horde of really horribly dressed men. They were gesticulating frightfully and kicking up the very deuce of a row.

In the moment of trial your dandy is ever dauntless, and, in such a graceful silhouette as he presented, James felt he might well be without fear. The spectacular advantage he enjoyed over the rest of the rabble was something considerable. The cuffs of his coat were made to unfasten. They did not boast two buttons merely as dummies.

These he turned up, and, smart and athletic looking as any man on the famous golf links of England, he waited for them to come on.

He heard a coarse shout from somewhere behind a hill. "You stop where you are, Bill, and let him take the rest of us on!"

The next moment he was raining blows on people who seemed more clever at dodging them than returning them. He fought and struggled, and came out of it with his waistcoat untouched and victorious. The rabble were in full retreat. Only the awful cut of their lounge jackets smarted in James's eyes.

Though they stood for a moment and defied him, there was not a man but whose trousers were baggy, or whose pockets did not bulge in the wrong places. How empty was the effect of those shaken fists, seeing that they all displayed starched cuffs, when at the seaside everyone knows that soft flannel or cotton wristbands with a button is the fashion!

James turned now to the girl.

"Don't trouble to thank me," he said.

"But I must," she said. "The person they call Bill really takes the part rottenly to my mind. He hasn't the cut of a hero about him, and I'm beginning to think that this film company is not much class to employ him. He overdoes the gestures frightfully. Whereas you, of course, were perfectly realistic."

From behind the sandhills came a voice:

"'Ave yer switched off the spool yet? 'Cause if so I want to 'ave a word with the manager."

"That's Bill," said the girl.

All the company now appeared and seemed anxious to tell James in friendly manner how easy his blows had been to dodge.

However, Bill, a man without a graceful line about him anywhere, refused to be pacified.

James gathered that they had done Bill out of his part. The quick brain of the manager, realising the position, had decided to let the chivalrous James get on with his rescue—which fitted in exactly with the part of the scenario they were cinematographing. Bill, it seemed, had only with very great difficulty, and the expenditure of brute force, been deterred from spoiling the whole show.

"You put too much into the part, Bill," said the manager. "You must be the villain's accomplice in the last scene. You must help to bash the hero whom, finally, the girl drags into safety. I'm going to ask this gentleman if he'll oblige by carrying through the part he has taken. He has only to name his own time."

"That's hall," said Bill, ominously.

He caressed his muscled forearm in a way that seemed to promise it a treat.

"There's a lot o' knocking about in my new role, and there?" he said.

The girl looked at James. James remembered what was due to his appearance.

"That's all right," he said. "To-morrow afternoon here."

It struck him that England was coming to something a man in the latest style of thing refused to say he would face a bashing at the hands of a badly turned-out ruffian.

England is to note that he did not for a moment flinch from saying it.

The next afternoon, some ten miles well away from the sandhills, James realised that he had done his duty.

BERNARD MACKLIN.

# SOCIETY QUERIES.

Whether some of our American peeresses will not be jealous of the honour paid to the Vanderbilts at Cowes!

* * *

Why the visit of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugenie was brought to such an abrupt close?

* * *

And what they say at Cowes about Princess Henry's appearance there this year?

* * *

And why the King and Queen of Spain did not attend as they were supposed to have come over for Cowes week as usual?

* * *

If the Hereditary Grand Duke's interruption of pretty Lady Curzon's *tête-à-tête* with Baron von Goldschmidt Rothschild in the cabin at Cowes was quite appreciated?

* * *

And whether the young Countess of Drogheda did not do her best to keep the Strelitzer from straying downstairs?

* * *

And is not Lady Drogheda voted a "real good chap" by all the men?

* * *

Whether Lord Charnwood (formerly Mr. Benson) will ever appear again at Glorious Goodwood?

* * *

And whether his new title will not in future be worn exclusively amongst the Asquithians?

* * *

Whether the former Countess Cowley, the twice-divorced, is going to make it up with Sir Charles Hartopp, her first husband?

---

A Mrs. Rosie Schwanke, of Baltimore, is suing for divorce because her husband gave her nothing but kisses and buns for breakfast, kisses and buns for luncheon, kisses and buns for dinner. Mrs. Schwanke is sister to Mrs. Theresa Dore, the famous unkissed wife, so that it is apparent there is no pleasing this particular family. But for sheer swank, Mrs. S.'s plea clears out the bakery.

* * *

The rent of property belonging to St. Olave's [illegible] Southwark, was paid last week by the Mayor of Bermondsey with a rose. And the rent of many a desirable little property at the West End of the town is paid for *under the rose* by equally prominent individuals.

# OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

NOT THE KIND SHE THOUGHT.

Crushleigh: "Oh, I say, Miss Passay, can you interpret a dream for me?"

Miss Passay: "How very interesting! I'll try."

Crushleigh: "Thanks, awfully! It's that one over there in pink. She speaks nothing but French."

* * *

Strange to say, there are more born idiots in the world than they have any idea of.

* * *

WHY SHOULD SHE?

Her Dearest Friend: She asked me what is good for preserving the complexion.

Her Next Dearest: Is it possible that she wants to preserve hers?

* * *

Right will prevail, and human nature impels us to get on the prevailing side so as to be right.

* * *

RATHER WARM.

Wifie: When I get to Heaven, I mean to ask Shakespeare if he really wrote those plays.

Hubbie: But supposing he isn't there?

Wifie: Then *you* ask him!

* * *

Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just, but we don't build our battleships on that principle.

* * *

Justice is blind, but so long as people will talk she has no difficulty in locating them.

THE LATEST WORD IN FASHION.—*Puck.*

IMPERTINENCE!

The Lady: I should like to put my hands in my muff, so as to hide them.

Photographer: Certainly, Madam. Now, how about your face?"

* * *

Jimson: I wonder what sort of debt collector I would make?

Johnson: Well, you might let me have a fiver for ten days—and find out.

* * *

Street Orator: Yus! They used to say we come in the world with nothink. They can't say it now. No! We come in the world with thirty bob!

* * *

Tommy had been absent from school the day before, so the teacher called him out and enquired if he had an excuse.

"Oh," said Tommy. "I was comin' to school, teacher, and there was a steam roller at work down the street, and I was going across the road when a policeman said: 'Mind that steam roller'—and, please teacher, I stopped and minded it all day!"

* * *

The approval of one's conscience may be an excellent thing, but it won't get you that rise in salary.

* * *

Small and slangy schoolgirl, gazing at a huge pig in a stye: Oh, my aunt, what a size!

Elderly Friend (severely): I didn't know of the relationship, but I recognise the likeness!

* * *

Barber: Ah! I see you want a hair-cut badly, sir.

Old Gentleman: Oh, no. I had it cut badly last time.

* * *

He: May I—er—kiss your hand?

She: Oh, I suppose so, but it would be so much easier to remove my veil than my glove!

* * *

Simpkins had a habit of coming home in the small hours, and not in a strictly sober condition. His wife decided to frighten him. One night she appeared before her husband wrapped up in a white sheet.

"W-who are you?" enquired Simpkins, horribly frightened.

"I am a ghost," answered the white vision.

"Is that all?" said he, with a sigh of relief. "I thought you were my wife."

* * *

Jack: Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I got engaged two months ago, and now——

Tom: Ah! Love makes the world go round.

Jack: Yes, but I didn't think it would make me lose my balance.

* * *

Little Maud was the possessor of a Teddy Bear, which seemed to have a perpetual squint. A visitor one day overheard Maud call the bear by the name of "Gladly." He enquired the reason. "Oh," said Maud; "we have a hymn at Sunday School which says 'Gladly my Cross I bear.'"

RUSHING TO HIS DOOM.

Excited Small Boy: "Hey, Mr. Tanks, there's a burglar crawlin' up your front steps this very minute."

Mr. Tanks: "Poor devil, the missus'll think it's me."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

# THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

## AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

What were the exact feelings of the one-time Society man who, through a notorious and somewhat nasty case in the Courts, some years ago, was obliged to leave the country and assume a new name, when he discovered that the girl he so ardently admired was none other than his own daughter, and the child of the wife he had left when the baby was but three weeks old? Whether after all these terrible years a reconciliaion may not be effected through the powerful influence of a pair of pretty blue grey eyes "so capable of expression and that so remind me of someone," to use the gentleman's own words?

* *

An American came to London, and although wealthy put up at a somewhat second-rate hotel not far from Charing Cross. The days passed, and the food seemed monotonous in the extreme. At last our Yankee friend took the trouble to jot down the number of times "lamb" (foreign no doubt) appeared on the menu. Matters grew worse and "lamb" even more frequent. Finally the patience of the American was exhausted. So, calling the waiter to his table one day, he pointed to the two slices of meat adorning his plate, and said in the kindest and most sympathetic of tones, "Say, waiter, can you just tell me by way of a little comfort whether this might be the last of an old drove or the first of a new?"

* *

The name of the well-known actress manager who, when touring with her own company in America, sent one bitterly cold night when the snow was deep on the ground to a travelling compartment where the women of the company were, to say that two of their rugs were required for her added comfort, and anyone who refused to accede to the command would "get the sack." Oh, the colossal kindness of women to women!

* *

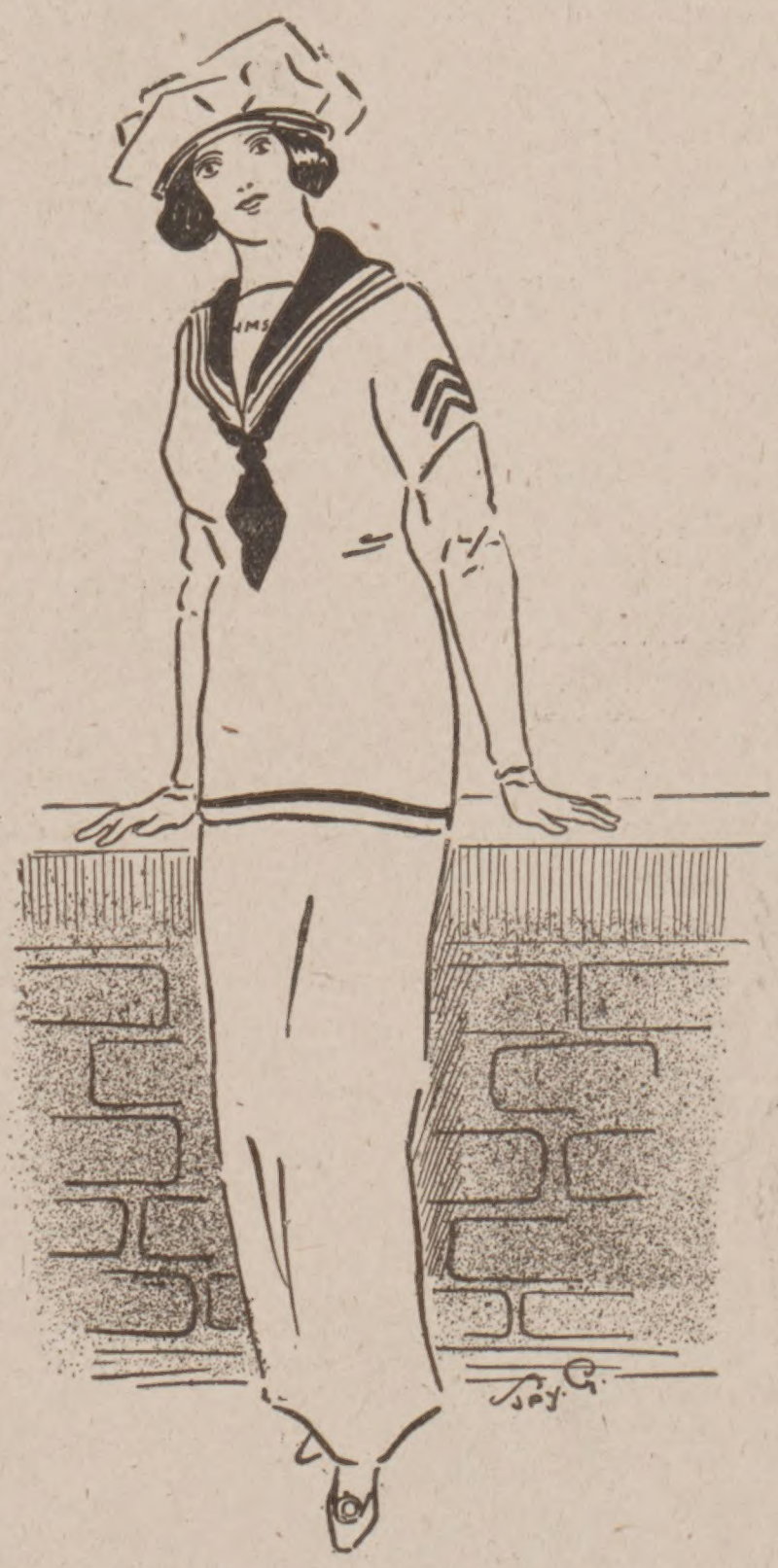
What is the inner meaning attached to the shortness of King Alfonso's visit to our shores this year? And whether he isn't about fed up with all the formalities and etiquette with which he is encumbered? Does he envy Dom Manoel his peace and quietness—not his forthcoming marriage responsibilities, of course? Whether he doesn't find his mother-in-law unbearable, and whether he wouldn't give something for a few weeks *absolutely on his own*?

* *

That it is a fact that one of the leading novelists of the day writes mostly from actual experiences; also that some of those "experiences" are of a wonderful nature? Those reading his books get a glimpse of the time he has had anyway. What about the girls when he has "finished" with them, which is precisely when his book is complete.

* * *

What the old man in the gutter really meant, when, after reading of the divorce obtained by Lady Randolph Churchill, he exclaimed with a twinkle in his watery old eye, "She was al'ays a bit knutty 'erself, yer know!" It's surprising what these paper vendors know. And forty years in the gutter in a busy London thoroughfare would prove a capital feeder for any receptive brain.



A JILL FOR SOME JACK.

The name of the fair damsel at Goodwood who playfully prodded one of the horses in the hind-quarters with her parasol and, on narrowly missing being kicked for the liberty, remarked to her companion, "Really, race meetings are horribly badly managed. Horses ought not to be allowed in the paddock at all"?

* * *

Whether the lawyer who described another as "the biggest liar on earth" forgot himself?

* * *

Whether the man who has been making a fuss about the danger of openwork stockings on account of insect bites resents their rivalry as "lady killers"?

* * *

Whoever the lady could be who was heard to remark at a very "select" function the other day, "Oh yes, I 'unt; but my 'orse can't stand anything be'ind 'im"? Is it a fact that she was once the Squire's servant?

* *

Why pyjamas are becoming almost the usual sleeping garb for women? Has the Suffrage movement anything to do with it?

* *

What the little Irish girl thinks of the moonstone pendant. And what will be the end of this somewhat unusual attraction. Whether he isn't proving a rare thing in lovers, and whether her pretty face isn't enough to set any man's heart on fire?

* *

Why a certain young actress invariably wears long dresses no matter what part she plays. Is it a fact that she has singularly ugly feet—a feature inherited from her famous mother?

* *

Whether it wasn't very rude indeed of the man who, while walking down the Strand the other day with his bosom friend remarked of a lady in front, "My word, what about the counthry? It's like a Mullingar heifer—beef to the heel!"

* *

Whether the pretty young actress who has given up the stage finds that giving elocution lessons is equally remunerative. And whether she ever sees anything of that husband whom she married when she was eighteen years of age?

* *

Whether a certain prominent member of the Stock Exchange has been christened "Sardine" on account of his being well in oil?

* *

Whether, according to accounts, grouse prospects in Yorkshire and the Highlands are anything but good this year, and if there will be plenty of "grousing" of another sort in consequence?

* * *

Whether the scandal of the "grey nurse" who haunts Waterloo Station for the purpose of kidnapping young girls has not gone far enough, and what the police intend to do in the matter?

* * *

Whether the Grand Duke Michael was much puzzled by the liberal sprinkling of slang in "Within the Law," and whether the laboured explanations of his attendant enlightened him much?

* * *

How Mr. Arthur Maltby, the well-known tailor-monger, liked the experience of being "arrested" at Marlborough House, and whether the gorgeous official who "captured" him mistook him for an anarchist?

ther Miss Ellen Terry is enjoying her well-earned rest
er charming country house at Small Hythe, Kent, and
w she liked her experiment in hay-making?

* * *

Wh[illegible] the [illegible] to a girl
[illegible] that it was a "deuced smart bathing costume
," felt squashed when she informed him icily
was *not* a bathing costume?

* * *

Whether face cream covers a multitude of skins?

* * *

ether Cowes is more than usually crowded this year,
ther numbers of people have not been forced to
manner of queer "make-shifts" in order to
modation?

* * *

the young peer, who enquired at one of the best
a room, was very surprised on being informed
every room was booked up, but he could have a bed
in a bath if he liked"?

* * *

It is true that preparations are being made for
ng between Bombardier Wells and Jack Johnson in
, and whether, all things considered, it would not be
ser for Wells to "draw the colour line"?

* * *

"Gab" will blow her next matrimonial bubble, or
her she will now come to realise that it may be better
be "well on" than "well off"?

* * *

Whether a burglar may be described as a man who
leaves little to be desired"?

PUTTING IT IN ITS PLACE.

"Jack has too pretty a mouth for a man. It ought to be on a girl's face."
"He seldom misses an opportunity."

**Feminine Speaker: "We women want a voice in the making of the laws. Give us that voice and what cannot we do as well as men?"**
**Signor Foghorno (of the Cocklesea Pier Concert Party): "Ah! Madam, you cannot never sing ze bass."**

Whether Viscount Gage's propensity for green ties has earned for him the nickname of "greengage"?

* * *

Whether the latest "vanity bag," made to represent a prayer-book, will contain all the required "articles"?

* * *

Whether the brisk business being done in "mouse traps" has anything to do with the sudden laxity of police traps?

* * *

Whether the gathering given by the Premier and Mrs. Asquith at 10, Downing Street, to which persons of all political persuasions were invited, was distinctly not a "party" affair?

* * *

Whether the Orange whine has anything to do with the unmanageable state of the Cork?

* * *

Whether Sir Edward Carson imagines that it is possible to "lend a hand" without arms?

* * *

Whether the quail said to have taken up its abode in Richmond Park has done so for a lark?

* * *

Whether the stockbroker, who had his motor tyre punctured by a valuable diamond scarf-pin, considers the latter in the light of "honest spoils"?

* * *

Whether the "toy-pistol" gag is making game of our legislators?

* * *

Whether buy-and-buy is the policy of a certain statesman who is also something of a financier?

* * *

Whether it is true that Mr. Wootton has decided to devote his farthing damages to charity.

# TABLOID TOPICS.

"Aged walker's great feat," says a news heading. All the better to walk with, my dear!

* * *

The cream of society has turned to Cowes. It sounds a bit topsy-turvy. Later on the cream will turn to Gaul.

* * *

At last Buckingham Palace is being given a new front. The old one has been more than a little "dickey" for a long time.

* * *

The fish stories have begun again. A London visitor bathing at Deal is reported to have caught a codling with his toe. Wonderful feet!

* * *

"What to read in the holidays" is discussed by a contemporary. Brothers of the Noble Order of Nuts! stick to your only books—a woman's looks.

* * *

Mr. Sweet, of Atlanta, says his wife sleeps all day while he is at work in order to be fresh enough to nag him all night. She sounds like a sweet nag to drive in double harness.

* * *

The coster who applied to the master at an East End evening school to soften his voice as he was "goin' courtin'" may find, after marriage, that the lady's pre-nuptial mellow tones were also artificial.

* * *

A man who saved a woman weighing twenty-two stone from drowning at Atlantic City the other day, declared afterwards that he was a professional piano-mover. Evidently weight-lifting is his particular *forte*.

* * *

A winner of the Dunmow flitch says she does not believe "in a lot of 'dears' and 'darlings.'" Quite right! We have ourselves noticed that if a hubby has too many darlings it's apt to cause some unpleasantness at home.

* * *

A York man, who was arrested for breaking a jeweller's window and taking two watches, explained that he kept a large stone in his pocket as a weight because he was training for a runner. Hoped to break a record with it, no doubt.

* * *

*Daily Telegraph* "Agony": "Unless know cert. may be too late. My only stipulation ignored, and postn. intol. spoil all. Shall be road I said, seven this. Any way like, but not this method." We don't think much about it ourselves.

* * *

The meanest man we have struck is the amorous gentleman near Manchester, who used the thirty-shilling maternity benefit which his wife had earned to provide him with funds to run off with another woman. His idea is to combine business with pleasure.

* * *

"The comfort of the bus-topper" is a headline apropos of the L.G.O.'s difficulty in making the outsides of 'buses possible in wet weather. We would suggest that a little consideration might also be given to the comfort of the altogether too frequent bus-stopper.

* * *

In the Lincolnshire district where the water famine is, a woman used the same gallon of water to wash her three children twice, cook three meals, and clean the doorstep and some pots and pans. Rather wasteful to throw such useful liquid away. It should have made good ink.

* * *

Mr. James Douglas, in *London Opinion*, says, "It is the unquenchable craving of the girl of the period to be untrammelled, uncribbed, uncabined and unconfined." If that is so, it is to be hoped, for the future of the race, that some of them will change their opinions after marriage.

* * *

A Lincolnshire hen walked into a house, flew on the table, laid an egg, and then retired, cackling loudly. The report is silent as to whether the hen was followed by a cow who rang the front door bell, wiped its hoofs on the mat, stood on the table and milked itself, with its tail, over the milk-jug.

* * *

The celebrated composers, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, and Puccini, have formed an "anti-musical society," to continue while they are on holiday at a health resort near Rome. We could mention certain composers who unfortunately do not confine their devotion to the tenets of such a society only to holiday time.

# WIT AND WISDOM.

Getting engaged costs more than getting disengag it is more fun.

* * *

Money makes the man who makes the money.

* * *

The man on crutches has a lame excuse for beggin

* * *

The street paved with good intentions is slippery.

* * *

A willowy maid is a skinny girl with an obese account.

* * *

Every man wants to climb twice as high as he ca hope to get.

* * *

The gay deceiver never deceives any one so much does himself.

* * *

Experience isn't much of a teacher when it com investing in gold bricks.

* * *

How many men do you know who let their religio fere with their business?

* * *

Truth is what a man knows; what a woman believes

* * *

After a man arrives the world never asks what ro came over.

* * *

Theoretically, girls do not believe in flirting.

* * *

Many a man has lost his self-control and acquire eye simultaneously.

* * *

No woman can be happy before she succeeds in ge strangle hold on her jealousy.

* * *

Honest labour is the grave-digger for most worries.

* * *

The size of the coin depends upon whether it is c or going.

* * *

Never call any man a liar to his teeth unless they are

* * *

Many a man looks upon a pound saved as a good tin

* * *

Lives of great men oftentimes remind us that the agent is abroad in the land.

* * *

A get-rich-quick scheme is a bait used for catching s without a hook.

* * *

When it comes to swapping kisses extravagant young are willing to give two for one.

* * *

Only another fool ever answered a fool according folly.

* * *

Even if a girl is colour blind she can almost invariab an ice cream sign clear round the corner.

* * *

Blessings come disguised, but so does ptomaine poiso

* * *

Honesty is the excuse a layman has for being poo it is worn thread-bare now.

* * *

Satan will supply free shoes, but those who wear can only travel down hill.

* * *

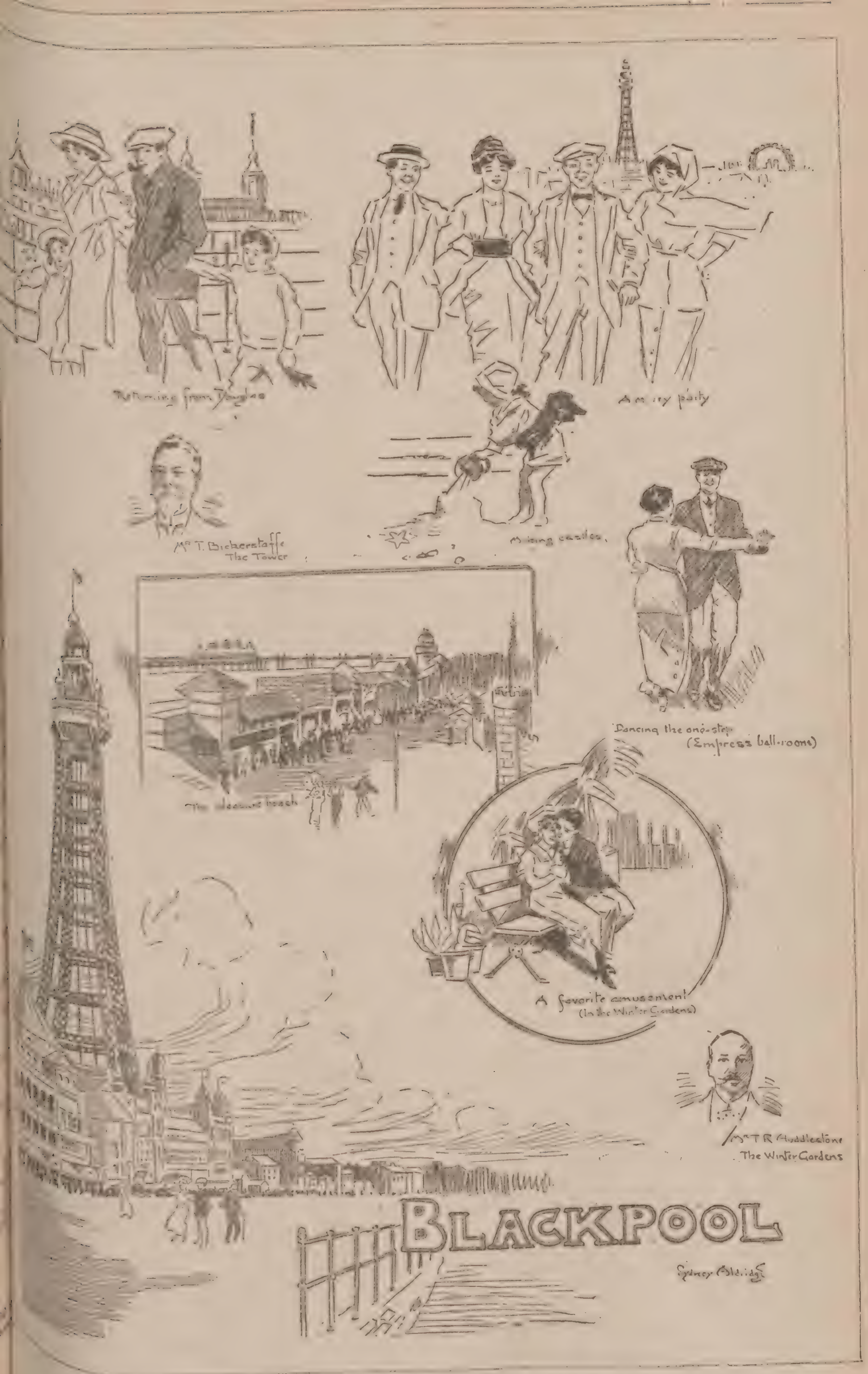
"Washington Cyclone. Bank-notes in Trees. Adjourned." runs a triple "scare" heading. We hel Senators were lucky enough to get their share.

* * *

A sound of far-off sobbing can be heard in town borne by the winds from the distant shore, where on a beach the gushing tears of the flapper and her m flowing into the sea and causing spring tides and the ing of low-lands. Gentle reader, they are wall Caine's latest WORK.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The Editor will be pleased to consider short stories 1,500 words in length; also humorous sketches. should be sent for return postage if unsuitable.**




MODERN LIFE AT THE SEASIDE.—No. 7: BLACKPOOL.

# IN STAGELAND.

They tell me that after next week one must say "Au revoir" to that positively sublime piece of Celestial swank, "The Yellow Jacket." I am glad it is only "Au revoir," as this permanent Oriental dress-rehearsal really achieved novelty—if there is any meaning at all left in this fearfully maltreated word. We are promised that Mr. Gaston Mayer will revive it in the indefinite future. Meanwhile, as notified by me previously, it will be subjected to pervert art treatment at the hands of one Reinhardt—fortunately abroad!

* * *

"The Yellow Jacket" will be duly replaced at the Duke of York's by "The Legend of Leonora," by Sir J. M. Barrie. He is the only dramatist on this wide earth of ours whose works justify a little bet on their ultimate success in London. I wonder why this is? The fact is unrecognised, but perfectly true.

* *

Miss Eva Moore informs us that she was converted to the views of the Shrieking Sisterhood by attending an anti-Suffragist meeting. We are very disappointed indeed in Miss Eva Moore's new views, whatever the cause, and can only congratulate ourselves and her on the fact that she has never apparently been a notably devout Christian, otherwise — to follow the eternal sickening argument on suffrage lines—she might have been driven straight to the Devil after a quiet service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

* *

I believe I owe Miss Mimi Crawford an apology. I informed her last week that her abilities warranted individual development without the necessity of borrowing ideas from other acts. I was alluding, it may be remembered, to her show's resemblance to one of Miss Elise Craven's earlier successes. I am only too pleased to say that my memory did not carry me quite far enough, as the whole scene is reproduced with the same detail and libretto, and is in short a revival and not a plagiarism of Miss Craven's fantasy. It has never been better done than it is at present by Miss Crawford. That is the fact that counts most, anyhow!

* *

Miss Beatrice Sinclair is a strikingly beautiful young lady absolutely brand new to Variety. She is also running a posing act which is much too daring for English tastes. One can immediately detect that sheepish air among the audience that we self-righteous humbugs can assume so readily on any occasion when somebody else, probably of finer moral mettle than ourselves, is taking a long risk. I am afraid that Miss Sinclair takes a shade too long a risk.

* * *

Easily the best thing to be seen at the suburban halls this week is "the top of the bill" at the Grand Palace, Clapham. Cora Goffin, assisted by an actor of proved ability and rising reputation (by kind permission of Mr. Gaston Mayer), is appearing as Prince Arthur from Shakespeare's "King John" —the excerpt to be entitled "A Little Prince." I have already seen a private performance at the Palladium, and it is indeed an artistic gem.

* * *

Mr. Allan Aynesworth is shortly to appear at the Garrick in an adaptation of a French comedy, to be entitled "The Real Thing." Miss Phyllis Nielson-Terry will also [illegible] the caste.

* * *

I have no information as to the exact nature of the "Anna Karenina," from the Russian, with which Lydia Yavorska (Princess Bariatinsky in private life) [illegible] to replace Miss Mary Forbes's recently demised "Hare" at the Ambassador's, but I do hope that it is one of those horrible Guignol thrillers dear to the heart. When *are* we to get those bright little comedies specially promised us by Mr. Durrant Swan?

* * *

Mm. Pavlova's Palace season is again over, and the big star to be seen there will be Gaby Deslys, the queen of the glide. This is one of those highly priced [illegible] one may be excused for refusing to shout about. The [illegible] is undoubtedly beautiful, her "business" is not. The principal reason for her [illegible] value here, I perhaps [illegible] ture to say, is its [illegible] an American basis of [illegible] tion. This habit has [illegible] been proved very bad [illegible] just recently.

*

I make no apology [illegible] ally remarking a [illegible] ploit of Clive Currie, [illegible] of "The Young Play[illegible] Scarcely 14 days after an [illegible] tious repertoire had [illegible] played at Eastbourne, [illegible] played Robertson's [illegible] "School" at the Ar[illegible] on a recent Sunday [illegible] without a single prompt [illegible] is still in my memory [illegible] extremely successful [illegible] company of experi[illegible] distinction rehearsed [illegible] play for three [illegible] before their initial [illegible] tion before a large [illegible] audience—and they [illegible] children. It must [illegible] a record. I should very [illegible] like to hear.

*

The Young Players [illegible] been fortunate indeed [illegible] obtaining musical direc[illegible] Mrs. Robinson, whom [illegible] member as Mme. [illegible] Vedey, of an as[illegible] instrumental turn [illegible] Del Vallo Quartette. [illegible] cessful at the Tivoli [illegible] many weeks back.

*

She: "How do you acrobats manage to keep your muscles so elastic."
He: "Oh, we practise for hours at a stretch."

Please note that the transmigration of Mr. Laurence Irving's "Typhoon" from the Queen's to the Globe Theatre appears to have invested it with a fresh dramatic magnificence. In addition to the unique power of Mr. Irving, Miss Mabel Hackney, Mr. Murray Carson has taken the part of the juge d'instruction. This, may favourably affected the already satisfactory "Typhoon's" course.

* * *

M. Lou Tellegan, whose wonderful bearing and beauty of feature and proportion are the remarkable [illegible] of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's season here, will [illegible] duct a season of French plays at the Vaudeville [illegible] account. He is a huge French edition of our own [illegible] Norman Trevor.

* * *

"The Barrier" at the Strand is picture-theatre [illegible] come to life. Please, Mr. Meyer, do not take this [illegible] slightest degree uncomplimentary, but remember [illegible] excellent are some of the cowboy dramas to [illegible] cinemas nowadays.

W. K.

LOLA MONTEZ, COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD.

# Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

## No. 15.

## THE HUSBANDS AND LOVERS OF THE FAMOUS LOLA MONTEZ, COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD.

"What has the world ever given to me? (And I know *all* that the world has to give! *All*!") So wrote the famous Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeld, in her fortieth year. And she spoke the truth when she said that she knew *all* that the world had to give. From singing in the gutter for coppers, she had ... to rule a European country, to create a revolution, to have a king in slavery, and to attain the very summit of human ambition. And the result of it all was—nothing at all!

... Lola Montez achieved her tremendous story she herself could not tell with any degree of accuracy. She was one of those perhaps unfortunate women who are born to great-... And she is a wonderful illustration of the truism that happiest lives are the least eventful, for hers was crammed ... events throughout her little race, and she found true ... nowhere. All sorts of queer stories used to be told ... the origin of Lola Montez, but it is known without doubt ... she was the daughter of an Irish subaltern named Gil... a Spanish woman settled in Limerick. At her christ... she received the names of Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna. ... her infancy she travelled to India with her father ... mother, and when an attack of cholera removed her ... from this vale of tears her mother soon solaced her... like so many Anglo-Indian widows, with another subal... from the same regiment. He was a Captain Craigie, and ... little Marie Dolores Gilbert had to be sent home to be ... where she was soon found a refuge in an institution in Scot... where she grew up a very handsome and scholarly girl. ... as is so often the case with children who are ... there, was in her blood, and she was not out of her ... when a young subaltern of the Indian Army began ... her, and little as she then wanted to marry, when ... to saying "Goodbye" prior to his return East, Marie ... broke down, and there and then consented to return ... him to Bombay.

### Lola's Vicissitudes Begin Early.

They got married at once and sailed away to India and lived ... usual cat-and-dog life in a one-storeyed military bungalow for ... months, until Marie's husband fell in love with another ... wife, and eloped to the Nilgherries, in the Madras Pres... leaving his beautiful young wife "badly bitten," but ... heart-broken. Military life in India is a wonder... for innocent young ladies from the parsonages ... schools of England. Lola was kindly treated by her ... relations, and so, with a cheque for £1,000 in ... compensation for her wrongs, she came home ... on the stage. Marie Dolores was the fortunate ... of a face and form of striking beauty. Her features ... clean-cut, if not Grecian, her complexion was of extra... brilliance, her eyes very dark and lustrous, her face ... perfect oval, and her hair lay about her head in rich folds. ... conversation she was extremely witty, and being very high... and anxious to shine amongst those she met, she ... a fascination which few could resist. The stage ... therefore her proper *métier*, and she proceeded to study ... her new life with intense zeal. Yet, strange to say, in spite ... all the advantages of natural brilliance, great beauty, tre... self-confidence, and a splendid voice, Lola Montez was ... anything but an indifferent actress, and, generally, a ... failure. For months she studied hard in order to ... a good send-off in her new life, but her first appear... merely produced hissing from her audience, and then it was that Lola Montez—her stage name—was as nearly heart-broken as she ever was in her life.

### Lola Discovered in the Gutter at Brussels.

But Lola Montez was not the woman to be cowed by an initial failure. She turned *danseuse*, and appeared in her new rôle in Dresden and Berlin; but her earnings were small, and her thousand pounds was nearly all gone. Eventually the last penny was spent, and, heavily in debt, she fled into obscurity. For a time the world lost sight of her, and when next she was recognised it was in the rôle of a street-singer on the boulevards of Brussels. From this sad plight she was rescued by former friends, and for a year or two she had an adventurous career as a spy in the pay of Russia. The event that first made her name resound throughout Europe, however, was when she made her appearance in her old character of a *danseuse* in Warsaw. The ancient Polish capital was then in a ferment of anger at the intrigues of its Russian Governor, General Paskevitch. His notoriety had already reached the ears of Lola Montez when she received an invitation from His Excellency to call at the Palace. Knowing what this meant, Lola treated the invitation with contempt, and quickly the Governor's vengeance began to manifest itself. Lola was just then temporarily enjoying the sweets of victory as a dancer. Her talent, what she possessed, was then enabling her to enjoy life, and nightly her appearance was received with rounds of genuine applause. But one night the applause changed to hisses, and Lola left the stage weeping. Her perplexity increased when the next night the same fate met her efforts to please, but on the third night she had learned the secret of her failure, and when the hisses had subsided she rushed down the footlights, and shouted to the audience that she was being malevolently pursued by General Paskevitch for her contemptuous disregard of his invitation to an *amour*!

### Lola's Just Triumph in Europe.

Immediately the hisses turned to vociferous applause. The indignant Poles, who hated the Russian *roué* who ruled them, drew her carriage to her hotel amidst an ovation of cheers. Soon Lola Montez was the heroine of Poland, and when the objectionable Governor ordered her arrest she barricaded herself behind her hotel doors, and pistol in hand threatened instant death to all intruders. The intervention of the French Consul, however, saved bloodshed. That dignitary claimed her as a countrywoman, and packed her off to Paris, where her new-found fame had already preceded her. Lola Montez was now in for an adventurous time. Her appearances on the stage in Paris met with coldness and derision, but Society took her up, and lovers soon began to flock to her standard. Amongst these was a Monsieur Dujarrier, a brilliant young fellow, with wealth and position, who determined to make Lola his wife. Just as Lola's happiness seemed about to be assured Dujarrier got involved in a duel, and when Lola heard of it she hurried to the spot in the hope of being able to prevent the fight. She was too late, however. Fate was once more merciless to her, and on the way to the duel she met the body of her lover being brought home dead. Hysterical with grief Lola prostrated herself upon the corpse of the man who had won her love, and covered the dead man's face with kisses. Beauvallon, the murderer, was placed on trial, and Lola was called to give evidence of the challenge. Nobly she espoused her dead lover's cause, and said, "If Beauvallon had wanted

satisfaction I would have fought him myself, for I am a better shot than poor Dujarrier!"

## Lola Queens it with King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Lola Montez now began a tour of the European capitals, meeting with some success at last as a dancer, which ended with an engagement at Munich, the Bavarian capital, which was to be her last appearance on the stage for a long time. At that time Bavaria was ruled by the fascinating King Ludwig, whose artistic instincts had already caused him to squander millions of marks, and who was the greatest patron of musicians and artists in Europe. No sooner did he set eyes upon the beauteous Irishwoman than he fell violently in love, and, so distraught was he that nothing would satisfy him but that Lola Montez should take up her residence in the Royal Palace, and become the light of his life. All Europe was soon talking of King Ludwig's infatuation for Lola Montez, and for a time that heroic woman enjoyed all the sweets of power in Bavaria. The King was her very slave; nothing was too good for her, and for a time her influence over the King was all to the good. He was a handsome fellow, unmarried and forty, and their life together in Munich was ideal. The Bavarian family, most of whom are as mad as hatters, have always suffered from the Royal marriages forced upon them, and Lola Montez was indeed a consolation, in view of the marriage he had contemplated with an Austrian princess whom he hated.

## Lola's Politics Precipitate a Crisis.

But people suddenly placed in positions of immense responsibility, for which they are totally untrained, are invariably a source of danger. And so it proved with Lola Montez. Her ambition, unfortunately, did not stop at queening it in the Palace of Munich. She essayed to play the part of statesman, and disaster followed. Her interference with the political affairs of Bavaria aroused the ire of the Bavarian ministers, and when Lola contemptuously proceeded to cajole the King into dismissing the lot of them, the fat was quickly in the fire. Lola's motives, however, were good enough; Bavaria had long dreamed of internal reforms, and a degree of freedom which was denied her. All these reforms Lola would have granted instanter, regardless of the feelings of the ministers, and for a time she had the Bavarian people with her. Where she failed to ensure success was in not rightly gauging the power of the neighbouring states of Austria and Italy, between whom Bavaria was somewhat of a buffer state.

Eventually the Ministry became so unpopular that they had to resign, and Lola's own puppets ruled in Munich. They were called the Lola Ministry, and throughout the world the name of Lola Montez rung as that of a modern Joan of Arc who had given a downtrodden nation its charter of liberty. In the riots which were soon to follow Lola Montez herself appeared, pistol in hand, and what would have been the consequences if the King, with a regiment of soldiers, had not appeared at the crucial moment to rescue her, it is impossible to say. Bit by bit Rome and Austria began to triumph over the one-time street-singer, and the end came when Lola persuaded the King to close the University of Munich for one year. At once the whole country was in arms, and demanding the expulsion of Lola Montez from Bavaria. She refused to budge an inch, and only when her palace was burned about her ears did she seek safety in flight. A fortnight later King Ludwig lost his crown, and thus a terrible revolution was saved.

## Lola Marries an English Subaltern of Wealth.

Lola Montez went to Paris, and ere long was once more "on her own." Her wonderful adventures had made her name familiar all over the world, and she proceeded to figure upon the Paris stage as herself, in a play called, "Lola Montez, or the Countess for an Hour." For years she toured Europe and America in this and other plays, her remarkable life-story proved an unfailing "draw," though as an actress she was still a failure. Lola was destined to have still more marriage ventures. A young officer of the Guards, in London, fell in love with her, and insisted upon marrying her. His name was Heald, and he had £5,000 a year. After the marriage the couple went to Spain, where they quarrelled continually, and at last, in a fit of anger, Lola stabbed him in the arm. Heald ran away, and Lola advertised in the papers for him as if she were advertising for a lost dog. Heald duly returned, but eventually got tired of his worried life, returned to London, obtained a decree of nullity of the marriage, and shortly after was drowned whilst rowing in a skiff.

Later on Lola turned up in America, and, whilst on a voyage to the Golden Gate, another passenger in the boat, an editor named Hull, fell in love with her, and married her right away. The couple went on a shooting expedition in Sacramento Valley, where they had as companion a crack shot, a German named Adler, who soon captured Lola's vagrant fancy, and poor Hull was given the cold shoulder. He at once cleared out, and not long after the German doctor accidentally shot himself, and Lola was again mistress of her [illegible]. But times had changed. Her beauty was now fle[illegible] melancholy had taken possession of her soul. At [illegible] settled in a log cabin in a lawless mining cam[illegible] Valley, Sierra Nevada, and for months she resid[illegible] her memories, her birds, sheep, dogs, turkeys, pigs, [illegible] a pony. For miles each day she used to ride [illegible] prairie upon this pony, and her appearance was [illegible] the miners for many miles around. Eventually her [illegible] only home she had ever known, was swept away [illegible] prairie fire, and Lola was compelled to go forth int[illegible] world once again as an actress, portraying her own life [illegible] stage. Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Sydney gave her [illegible] ing receptions, though she was often severely attacked [illegible] prudish Australian Press, and was once compelled to [illegible] whip an Australian editor in person. Returning [illegible] she amazed the Yankees by crossing the Hudson [illegible] small skiff, and she finally grew religious, took to [illegible] and died of a paralytic stroke in her forty-third year.

Next Week:

THE AMAZING CAREER OF THE COURT BEAUT[illegible]
FRANCIS JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL.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# ODERN SPORT
## FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Goodwood," Cowes Regatta, Canterbury ... remind us of the fleeting summer, and already ... are hunting up their kit. There is only one ...ly one Canterbury "Week," and only one ... In its social aspects, whatever else may be ...odwood, it has no superior. The motor car ... its popularity, and whereas there was a Good... ity, the "vicinity" has become much wider. The ... at Goodwood was established by the third Duke ... in 1802; it was "made" during the life-time of ...th duke.

...terbury "Week" dates from 1842, and there are dis... features of that particular "week" which cannot but ... a craving for more. Kent has always been the ...lace of great cricketers, and consequently there is an ... the very merriest celebration enveloping the festive ... at Canterbury. Very few counties could hope to ... cricket-week successfully. Kent county folks are ... leisured class, and there are no large manufacturing ... in the county. Canterbury, Tonbridge, Tunbridge ..., Maidstone, and Dover are given "Weeks," and the ...e in the neighbourhood, the tradespeople of the ... and the municipality all contrive to make their re... ...wns quite attractive for the week's cricket. Visi... ...racted. There is an increase in trade. The ... full, and indeed, providing that good weather ... the week, prosperity is part and parcel of the festival. ... Sussex are amongst the prettiest counties of Eng... Kent and Sussex appeal to the sporting man and ...orting woman with equal delights. Some of the very ...cricket is seen in Kent and Sussex; the golf played on ...playing fields wants a lot of beating for enjoyment; ... tennis tournaments are amongst the keenest in ...d, and more cyclists are to be found riding through ...ny than in any other two counties in Great Britain. ... real cricket history associated with Canterbury ... the growth of the popularity of the game is ... glories connected with happenings on the St.

...Canterbury has not always depended ... exclusively to all the programme, as is the ... There was a time when Canterbury had ...onday entirely to itself, and when Surrey intro-duced the idea that a cricket match on August Bank Holiday would be a very good thing for the game, and incidentally a very good thing for Surrey's finances, there was actually a mild sort of outcry against Surrey interfering with a

monopoly. Kent used to play All England, and won ten of the twenty-five matches so arranged. The Australians have played in ten Canterbury "Weeks," and Kent have won five of the games. Lancashire have played in twelve of the "Weeks." In 1904, the South Africans formed a part of the attractions.

### CRICKET v. TENNIS.

Those people who took a delight in denouncing cricket, and referred to its early death, have had a rude awakening this year. Fine weather is a necessary adjunct to good cricket and only fine weather will assist in attracting crowds to cricket grounds. All over the country the week's matches were largely attended, and at the Oval on the holiday there were just on 20,000 people present, and this when the attractions outside London and the wonderful facilities for getting away from the smoke have increased amazingly. There has been a lot of wild talking about cricket and lawn tennis just of late, and one would think that the two games had a quarrel with each other. Most cricketers are lawn tennis players also, but the lawn tennis player who looks upon himself as one of the game's true and loyal disciples is not a cricketer. The idea that cricket requires three days, or half a day, is absurd. Matches do, true, but are not some of the delights of the game obtainable during the hour or so in the nets after business hours. There is room for cricket and lawn tennis as well, just in the same degree that there is room for Association football and Rugby football. Lovers of outside games should be generous. Dr. Gilkes, the head master of Dulwich College, has thought fit to offer no encouragement to the game of lawn tennis at his school. He has his reasons. A schoolmaster was speaking on the subject the other day, and he said that he had no quarrel with lawn tennis, but that the sexual fraternity associated with the game of lawn tennis rather, he thought, interfered with the studies of the boys, and certainly there is something in what he says. Perhaps Dr. Gilkes is of the same opinion, as are many other great public and elementary schoolmasters. Cricketers become good lawn tennis players, but he who takes up lawn tennis first does not so frequently become a good cricketer. Lawn tennis is only forty years old, but cricket dates back a long time. Some say that lawn tennis and golf are selfish games. Perhaps they are and perhaps they are not. Still they are games, and the British race will ever uphold the dignity of games.

### COWES WEEK.

What would Cowes be without her yachting? It is the veritable Mecca of yachting. America has her Newport; France her Trouville, and Germany her Kiel. Apart from their accepted vogue as meeting places of yachts, yachtsmen and yacht owners, and their lady kind, these yachting centres

have no resemblance or things in common with Cowes. Except in one week, however, the racing at Cowes is maintained by her smallest club alone. Cowes is not a favourite cruising headquarters, at least when compared with Southampton, where most of the Southern fleet have their moorings, and the most important yacht-building yards are situated. The thousands of trippers at Cowes during the week know nothing of the tremendous exclusiveness of the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Princes and peers have clamoured in vain for admission, one could almost exaggeratingly say: You may own the biggest, the fastest yacht, and have spent more money in yachting than anyone else, but if you are "not wanted," your path to the kitchen of the elect is barred.

## ON THE SPORTS GROUND.

Cycling, running, boxing, and in fact, every sport seems to have been in splendid going order during the week. The most wonderful happening has been the lowering of the 300 yards flat record. As long ago as January 2nd, 1884, Harry Hutchens, the Putney man, did the distance in 30 seconds at the Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh. Jack Donaldson, the famous Australian professional sprinter, the "Blue Streak" as he is called, after two failures to beat this record did the distance half a yard inside even time. The feat took place at Salford, where the "Sporting Chronicle" athletic carnival was held, and Jack Donaldson received £100 as compensation. Only about a week before Donaldson had run 220 yards in 21 secs., and put up a new world's record for that distance. A runner who can cover a hundred yards in 10 secs. is reckoned a flier, but when a man can keep up the pace for twice and thrice the distance it makes one wonder if in the future the 100 will ever be done in 9 secs. But there is a limit to the possibilities of man! There was another striking performance at those Salford sports, seeing that the world's mile walking record, which had stood in the name of Perkins since 1874, was beaten by G. Cummings, the champion walker. Perkins had done the mile in 6min.

W. R. Smith, the South African cycling champion, who was sent over to England by the South African Cycling Association, to compete in some of the Empire championships, covered himself with glory in annexing the 100-mile title. Smith is only 21 years of age, and but for the fact that Lewis, another South African, and a later discovery than Smith, beat Smith in the South African Olympic tests, Smith would have taken part in last year's Olympic Games at Stockholm. After Lewis went back to South Africa, however, Smith easily beat him. Smith was originally a [illegible] graphist at Capetown, but his cycling success [illegible] Whitworth Co. to engage him in their Johannes[illegible] rg of business. Smith is better at distances, but [illegible] ride in sprints in South Africa, where, of cours[illegible] not the chances to specialise that there are in Eng[illegible] has been suggested to Smith that he should ride p[illegible] ally. Lewis, who was at Stockholm, [illegible] on his return to South Africa, and has bee[illegible] well on the Continent in professional riding. [illegible] that he has no intention at all of turning profess[illegible] is happy enough in the Transvaal, and he hopes to im[illegible] from the experience his first visit to England has gained [illegible] In addition to winning the 100 miles by something like [illegible] miles, for he was about 12 minutes in front of the sec[illegible] man at the end, he completed a four-hours' ride, and b[illegible] the previous best English amateur record [illegible] yards. In view of the fact that Smith had [illegible] the first thirty miles, the performance was [illegible] praiseworthy. It was then that the holder, [illegible] had retired after going 15 miles, came out [illegible] Smith's pacer. The victory was a most popular [illegible]

## BOXING.

Wells did not get beaten by O'Keefe at the Ring [illegible] Holiday night, but after his "strange" shows one [illegible] not have been surprised if the Irishman had done the [illegible] There was no championship attaching to the match, Wells gets the £350 purse. Wells was [illegible] heavier and possessed a longer reach than his [illegible] whose last fight of any note was against Private [illegible] the National Sporting Club, he afterwards getting [illegible] of the argument against the American. [illegible] Wells strikes one as being on the considerable side [illegible] appear to be more of an amateur boxer than a profes[illegible] heavyweight champion, and this taking matters too [illegible] lead to his undoing. The best that can be said of W[illegible] that he is Britain's best, and at the present time that is [illegible] saying much.

## SWIMMING.

If England lost the 100 miles cycle championship [illegible] Billington retained the mile professional swimming [illegible] pionship for England, and he set up a new record [illegible] distance, doing 24 min. 11 1-5 sec., as compared with [illegible] 8 sec. of Nuttall in 1893. It is a long time since the [illegible] professional race was swum. Oscar Dickson, [illegible] over from Australia, was Billington's opponent, and [illegible] he was 1¾ min. behind Billington he also beat the [illegible] best. David Billington is the speediest English [illegible] swimmer. Through taking part in the Seine race, [illegible] tember 1905, the Amateur Swimming Association made [illegible] adopt professionalism. Twice Billington has beaten [illegible] wonderful Australian swimmer, Kieran. Billington has [illegible] ceeded in the "Through Paris" race, but last year, [illegible] to the cold water causing his retirement, was beaten by [illegible] Wolffe in the Worthing to Brighton race. The new [illegible] champion was born in 1885, and is therefore 28 years [illegible]

## AVIATION.

In the death of Col. Cody we lose one of the pioneers [illegible] the conquest of the air. I recollect the time when he [illegible] conducting his first public experiments with heavier than [illegible] machines. This was at the Bradford Exhibition in [illegible] where he achieved wonderful results with his man-[illegible] kites. Unfortunately, these demanded their penalty, one [illegible] his assistants being flung by a high wind on to the roof [illegible] house, sustaining serious injuries.

The second Aerial Derby is announced to take place [illegible] Saturday afternoon, September 20th, permission having [illegible] been granted by the Home Office for the competitors to [illegible] on this occasion, certain usually prohibited areas. [illegible] course, which commences and finishes at the London Aero[illegible] drome, Hendon, extends over a distance of nearly [illegible] hundred miles, making a complete circuit of London. It [illegible] be remembered that this race proved one of the most ex[illegible] ing events of last year, and it is expected that on this [illegible] sion over twenty airmen will compete, including many [illegible] known Continental pilots who will fly [illegible] Germany some days prior to the race.

The German invasion has commenced [illegible] doctors from the Fatherland have sailed up [illegible] ostensibly to attend the Medical Conference. It [illegible] that a leading Berlin mental specialist is looking after [illegible] entire party. The artful suggestion appears to be that [illegible] are quite harmless.

# INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 INCHES.

*W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."*

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men." The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open. The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater than that of a short man. He has a dominant physique, and what he says carries weight.

Behind the counter none but the tall man is wanted. He makes a good impression on customers, his arguments carry conviction, and he builds up and improves the business.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your physique and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you grow by from two to three inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me

## PROOF.

Lance-Cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time has elapsed since I completed all my drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

H. E. (Bradford) writes: "I have completed your three months' course of increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 5 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet 11½ inches, which I consider an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2¼ inches."

A. W. (Rochdale) writes: "I have just been exercising five weeks. I have done my best to follow your advice faithfully, and I am delighted with results in such a short space of time. I have had physical culture courses before, but they have never done me anything like the good yours has. To begin with, I have gained almost an inch in height, and that means absolute growth, not straightening up, because I was perfectly straight to begin with. Every one of my measurements has increased a good deal. Also, I feel brighter and have more energy and vigour. My exercises have a fascination for me, and are not a burden; their variety makes them a real pleasure to perform."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

G. C. (Birmingham) writes: "I have now finished my third lesson, and my height has increased by half an inch. I consider it is very good, because I have not grown at all for about two years. I am now going strong."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

**The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers.**

**Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.**

**ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,**
**Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.**

# STOCKS AND SHARES.

## BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Nothing in the nature of an August "boom" is anticipated, but markets wear quite a cheerful aspect despite the holiday season.

* * *

Consols have shown decided strength, and the New South Wales issue has been well received.

* * *

Investment buying on a fair scale has again been in progress in the Home Railway Market, and an improving tendency has been notable throughout.

* * *

Undergrounds have been to the front with Metropolitans a feature of strength.

* * *

Brighton Deferred are a good purchase, also Dover "A," and South Western Deferred have been well bought on the much better showing of this line.

* * *

Americans are still forging ahead, with Union Pacifics recording a big advance, and Eries still very much in demand.

* * *

On any reaction readers should quickly pick up these stocks.

* * *

I unhesitatingly advise a purchase of Unions any day in preference to Canadian Pacifics. Both lines pay 10 per cent. and in each case are earning much more, and have big reserves, but whereas the former stand at only 155 dollars, the latter are quoted at about 223 dollars.

* * *

Unions are cheap, Canadian Pacifics are dangerous.

* * *

Much mystery surrounds the shares of the National Steam Car Company, in which a large number of the public are interested.

* * *

I am being continually asked if I can give the cause for the big drop in price from 38s. to 19s. 6d.

* * *

No information is forthcoming from the Company; it has been said that although the traffic returns given show an increase of over £1,000 per week average, the receipts per 'bus are only half those of last year.

* * *

I am personally inclined to the opinion that the shares are being deliberately beared down for other purposes. We shall see.

* * *

Oils are again on the warpath, and my advice to readers three weeks ago has been amply justified.

* * *

This is the most active market in the house, and as sure as a gun we shall see a big boom in oil this autumn.

* * *

Our Navy is using oil, and the navies of the world will follow.

* * *

The best here are Shells, Mexican Eagle, Spies and North Caucasians.

* * *

Rubbers have shown signs of strength on talk of a bear squeeze, but the public will be well advised to look on awhile.

* * *

In the tin group Rayfields have been in demand on the excellent July output of 46 tons, against 40 tons for June and 25 tons for several preceding months. Another substantial increase is foreshadowed for next month.

* * *

I have repeatedly recommended Rayfields as the best among Nigerian Tin.

* * *

There is very little business passing in Mining Shares generally. Quotations all round are so low now that the bears are unable to make much inroad on prices.

* * *

Weakness is being displayed by one or two of the Cobalt issues. Townsites dropped a quarter, although the weekly profits return still keeps up to the mark.

Shebas can still be bought at 5s., and I look for further securing at this price. I give below the [illegible] the mine:—

Sheba—July:—"Crushing for the month [illegible] ing 3,238 fine ozs.; mill ran 28 days. [illegible] £4,435."—(June, profit, £4,418.)

* * *

I hope to be in a position next week to give my particulars of a really good proposition that will be their putting a little money in.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and a member of the Stock Exchange to any reader invest or speculate.

* * *

*As space does not permit for*

**BRIEF REPLIES**

*this week I am replying to all applications by post.*

**THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR WIRE, ONE SHILLING.**


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ONE MONTH by the celebrated DUPLOYAN high-speed system, saving a year's study. Used in Parliament. Illustrated handbook and LESSON free.—SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION, 303, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. (Tel: 6111 Holborn.)

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(44th Edition, 1913).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained. Options. How to open an account with [illegible] to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains [illegible] Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

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15 payments of £3 6s. 8d. repays £50
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Fish Bite like "Hungry Wolves." Instant Magic Fish Lure; [illegible] pulling them out; package 1s. 1d.—Domestic Supply (123K.), Warburton House, Kirkstall Lane, Leeds.
Wanted, early bound numbers of "Pick-Me-Up." State [illegible] Box 4,009, "Modern Life," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For increase of Height see Arthur [illegible] page 355.

# RACING.

## BY "OLD HAND."

Herbert Robbins had four mounts on the opening day of the Ripon meeting and succeeded in steering all four first past the post. He served his apprenticeship with J. F. Hallick, at Lambourn, but now rides as a free-lance, and as he can ride at 7st. 2lb. his services are in great demand; in fact only one other jockey has had more mounts this season. He bids fair to pass his last year's record of 55, as he has so far this year ridden 31 winners and still has over three months in which to ride the necessary 25 winners.

Mr. G. E. King, M.R.C.V.S., of Abington, who was called in to examine Prince Palatine, reports that Mr. J. B. Joel's recent purchase is free from all suspicion of organic disease. There is, however, distinct evidence of a severe spavin on the near fore leg, which causes lameness, and this no doubt accounts for the poor display in the Goodwood race. Tracery is undergoing a course of physic, and is expected to resume strong work shortly.

We are getting plenty of objections lately, no fewer than five being made in four days—surely this is something of a record, especially as all five were over-ruled. On the last day of the Ripon fixture my Grand Stand Handicap selection, Lall, was objected to for bumping, boring and crossing. Crosshaw, who rode Lall, was until recently with Hallick, is now attached to the stable presided over by the ex-jockey, H. Randall, and is a very promising lad.

Rain is badly wanted at most of the training quarters. The downs at Brighton were rather hard, and on the first day of the fixture Mordred and Dusky Bride each sustained a broken fetlock and were destroyed. This is hard luck for their respective owners, Mr. F. C. Stern and Mr. H. Brushfield. The latter sportsman's horses are under the charge of Lines, at East Clandon, Surrey, but he does not seem to have the good luck of Mr. T. A. Edge, who trains in the same establishment.

We are still getting plenty of racing, and this week's meetings are: Nottingham and Folkestone, on Monday and Tuesday; Kempton Park and Redcar, on Wednesday and Thursday; Windsor finishing up the week on Friday and Saturday.

An interesting event down for decision at Nottingham on Monday is the Nottinghamshire Handicap. With an acceptance of seventeen a good field should turn out. Grey Barbarian, who holds other engagements during the week, won at Sandown in July, and should account for Kodak and Wangara, both of whom finished behind Mr. Mills's French-bred colt upon that occasion. Mr. Wyndham has Matelot and Cullen Castle to choose from. The former is very useful, and won a couple of races earlier in the season and although unplaced at Goodwood figured with prominence. He should not be overlooked if saddled in preference to Cullen Castle, who proved successful over a mile at Manchester in May, but has since run thrice unplaced. Bugler stayed the seven furlongs at Birmingham last Tuesday fairly well, but I shall prefer him over five furlongs, which appears his best distance. Now Sobeiski has started winning it will take something useful to beat him, as his victory at the Newmarket second July meeting should give him confidence. Kerman has proved a bargain to Mr. Sol. Joel, who is very fortunate with the animals he buys out of selling races. Capercailzie has won a couple of two-mile races in Ireland this year, and I should like him best in a race over a similar distance. Of the remaining entrants, my fancy is taken most by Royal Mail, who has yet to show his best form, and it is from Lord Ellesmere's colt that I expect danger to my selection,

SOBEISKI.

At the Kempton Park meeting on Wednesday the Greenwood Handicap takes place. As several trainers have more than one string to their bow it is rather a difficult race to deal with. Penalised horses in Eton Boy, Romeo, and Lord Annandale figure in the entry, and of the trio I prefer Romeo, but shall expect the winner to spring from the unpenalised division. Cigar is now at his best, and despite having to shoulder 9st. 12lb. holds a good chance. Hampton Court II. was supported to beat Junior at Goodwood,


# GOODWOOD RESULT.

**1.—Lord Annandale.**
**£500**
E. M. HUGHES,
Tan-Lan, Bethesda,
N. Wales.

**2.—Poor Boy.**
**£100**
W. C. TURTLE,
Knights, Via
Germiston, Transvaal.

**3.—Cigar**
**£50**
E. ROSSITER,
40, Ferntower Rd., Newington Green, London, N.

THE FOLLOWING DREW STARTERS, AND EACH RECEIVES £10.

| | |
|---|---|
| Harmonicon | |
| White Star | |
| Lady S. | R. Clegg, 724, Manchester Road, Castleton, Lancs. |
| Serated | |
| Tuxedo | F. Morgan, 4, Silver Street, Tiverton. |
| Radiant | A. Brown, Shires Row, Stanley Lane End, Wakefield. |
| Giant | W. Ansdell, 76, Boundary Street, Liverpool. |
| Wreck | Mrs. Wrixon, 16, Lewis Road, Southall, Middlesex. |
| Mediator | Miss K. Cooke, 34, Queen's Road, Beckenham, Kent. |
| Canonite | Mr. Harrow, 4, Parliament St., London, S.E. |
| | R. Collins, 4, Fairfield, Havant. |
| | C. Leeson, 171, Main Road, Darnall, Sheffield. |
| | G. Bradbrook, 47, Cecil Rd., Gravesend, Kent. |
| Research | Miss Shrimpton, c/o 7, Ryecroft Street, Fulham, S.W. |
| Zebre | Murray Brown, 9, Missenden Road, Chesham, Bucks. |
| Sir Martin | H. J. Lamb, 4, Cooper Street, St. Helens, Lancs. |
| Castleton | C. H. Russell, 3, Argyle Street, Cymmer, Porth, Glam. |
| Sondrio | H. Simmons, 14, Adelaide Street, Parkeston, Essex. |
| Wise Symon | J. R. Thomas, 56, Kenry Street, Tonypandy, S. Wales. |
| Mountain Finch | M. Holgate, Napier Arms, Gillingham, Kent. |

"John Bull" said, Feb. 1st :—
"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that, from beginning to end, each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square, and above board."

"Mirror of Life" said, June 7th :—
"We can certify as to the equitable way in which they are carried out, and of the fairness in every particular of Mr. H. Diamond's sweepstakes."

# H. DIAMOND, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Letter postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

but only finished fourth. De Mestre, who trains Junior, has Early Hope engaged here and should know what is required to beat the French-bred son of Galore. Le Touquet reads dangerous on his forward running in the London Cup at Alexandra Park last month, and as he can be strongly ridden here, should want beating. Of the remainder I like Agapanthus, who is now trained by Pickering, and although he has not finished in the first three this season had some useful form as a two-year-old when known as the White May colt. He is improving with every gallop, and is a sure winner shortly, but on this occasion I shall take

EARLY HOPE to beat him.

My other selections are:—

NOTTINGHAM.—MONDAY:
Bentinck Plate: Polymela.
Clifton Plate: Laveno II.

TUESDAY.
Bestwood Plate: Courtlands.
Welbeck Handicap: Legal Light.

FOLKESTONE.—MONDAY.
Kent Handicap: Star of Fortune.
Hythe Plate: Pankattan.

TUESDAY.
Folkestone Handicap: Excelsior.
Moderate Plate: Bridge of Sighs II.

KEMPTON PARK.—WEDNESDAY.
Bedfont Plate: Mount William.

THURSDAY.
Princess Plate: Irrigation.
Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate: Flying Orb.

REDCAR.—WEDNESDAY.
Coatham Handicap: Buckstead.
Upleatham Handicap: Hidalgo.

THURSDAY.
Redcar Handicap: Print.
Zetland Plate: Inconstant George.

WINDSOR.—FRIDAY.
Castle Handicap: Sandwort.
Manor Plate: Harry of Hereford.

SATURDAY.
Flying Handicap: Kirkella.
Meadow Handicap: Courteous Lad.

# CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

*The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.*

A. B. (Windsor).—Thanks, no! We do not lay ourselves out to Royal and Society gossip to relate whether or not the King takes with his porridge, how Prince John has had toothache and what of toffee he likes, or other babble of this kind. We leave that sort thing to our family contemporaries.

Knut (York).—Thanks muchly! We are always glad to receive paper cuttings suitable for Tabloid Topics, or for comment in Speaking.

G. M. E. (Peasenhall, Suffolk).—The Blackpool Bowling Tourna is to be held during the first week in September. You will obtain form and all particulars from Mrs. Nixon, Talbot Hotel, Blackpool.

F. G. (Rye).—Sorry you didn't get our letter. We tried to post a pillar box as we were passing in a motor-car at 40 miles an hour, must have fallen in the boiler or the sparking plug, or whatever it makes the blame thing go.

A. K. (Hull).—We don't profess to be a walking dictionary, will try our hand at a definition. A coquette is a woman who her love in a lottery and gets back at the roundabouts what she at the swings.

J. H. (Maida Hill).—The story about the Gaiety girl was that she into her dressing-room exclaiming: "I feel so tired. I've been all day." "And did you catch many, dear?" queried the old sympathetically.

Archie (Deal).—Have passed your letter re colour of socks to Editor.

P. O'C. (Castleton).—We can go one better: "Why did the roll?" (Answer next week.)

J. F. (Leeds).—£400 per annum—perhaps!

F. B. (Hornsey).—Typist or Typiste? We put the question to typiet(e), and her reply was that she didn't care what she was as long as her wage was paid promptly.

## A NEW SEA EXCURSION.

The proprietors of the Belle Steamers, so well known to habitues of Margate, Ramsgate, Clacton, and Southend, other coast resorts, have added an attractive new sea trip their list. Every Monday and Thursday the "Lion Belle," the company's largest and fastest steamer, leaves North Woolwich pier at 9.50 a.m. (boat train from Liverpool Street at 9.23) for Felixstowe, arriving about 2.45, which is fairly good going for the journey of 85 miles. The boat returns from Felixstowe at 3.45, arriving at North Woolwich about 8.30, in time for convenient trains to Fenchurch Street and Liverpool Street. The return fare from Liverpool Street (G.E.R.) is only 6s., and the excursion should quickly become as popular as the older services provided by the Coast Development Corporation.

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LIGHT TAN.—For light shades of brown.
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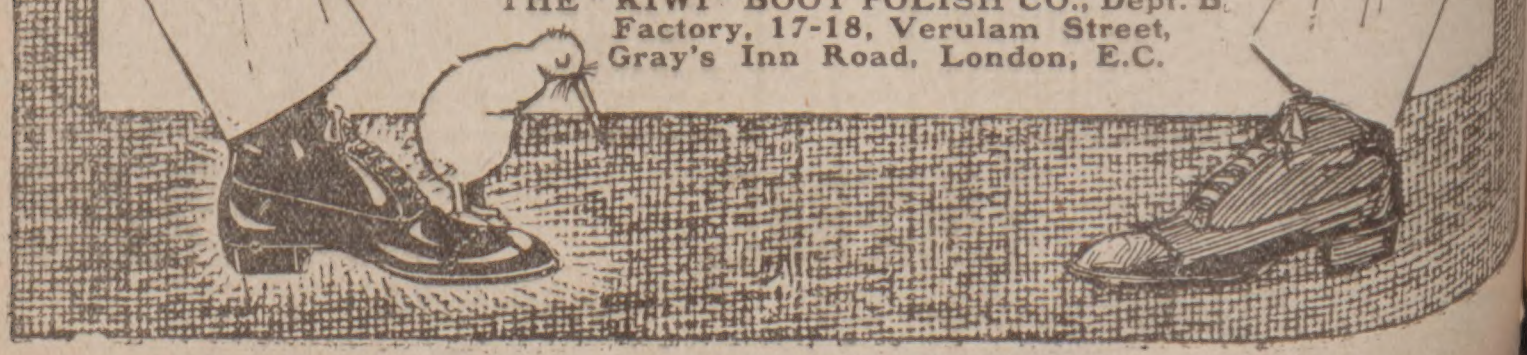

# THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

R.B., of Brumstock, Penrith, writes asking advice on colour of tie to wear with a navy blue lounge suit.

* * *

It is very much a matter of individual taste, but I will give a few suggestions.

* * *

My own idea is that the very "toniest" is blue silk with white spots, tied in a bow. The spots vary in size, and if these are fairly large a horsey, sporting, appearance is imparted to the wearer, but not, I think, obtrusively or objectionably so.

* * *

For this scheme of colouring, however, please note particularly the words "tied in a bow." This is the key-note. The sailor's knot kills the desired effect.

* * *

The next idea is a nut-brown shade of silk tie.

* * *

Finally, why not try the white pique tie in sailor's knot. This is an old style revived, but styles keep coming up again, and R.B. would kind of set the fashion if he selected white pique for wear on his next visit to Douglas.

* * *

Another reader asks a question which brings up yet another word in addition to what I have written in this column anent genuine homespun versus alleged homespun, which I may say that these remarks seem to have occasioned considerable interest.

* * *

If you are offered a homespun in double-width, i.e., say fifty-four inches wide, you may be assured it is not a home-spun.

* * *

The homespun must be hand-spun and hand-woven, and hand-weaving is impossible in a double-width cloth.

* * *

The hand-loom weaver must have the warp of such width that he can throw the shuttle containing the web from hand to hand.

* * *

For non-experts I may explain that the warp is the long threads of the cloth—the web is the cross-threading or breadth.

* * *

The hand-loom weaver cannot do the stretch required to throw the shuttle across fifty-four, or more, inches of warp, from one hand to the other. Therefore he habitually, and of necessity, weaves a narrow width cloth.

* * *

Therefore, when you see a double-width cloth labelled, as I have described, as homespun, you may be perfectly certain it is not hand-woven, and you may bet a thousand pounds to a gooseberry that the yarn in it was not hand-spun.

* * *

So short a broad width homespun is a fraud, a snare, and a delusion.

* * *

With the turn of August winter clothes and winter overcoats will require attention, and I hope at an early date to give some useful hints on the subject.

* * *

The materials for these overcoats Irish friezes should be taken into consideration.

* * *

By the way, in a recent visit to Ireland, where I had an opportunity of going through the famous woollen mills of Donegal, I discovered that the Irish pronunciation of the word is "frize," not "freeze" as the English pronounce it.

* * *

A quite thin and light weight Irish frieze is now made. It is warm, being absolutely pure wool, and gives marvellous wear and moreover keeps its appearance, so that, after two or three winters' wear, it looks much the same as when new.

* * *

The Irish woollen manufacturers are fully alive to the importance of good colourings, and good blendings of colour. Friezes are not usually made in patterns, therefore the makers must depend upon colourings for their effects, and their native taste rises well to the occasion. Keep Irish Frieze in view for your winter overcoat.


## Don't Be Known as "Little So-and-So."

A fine, tall, well-developed man invariably gets on in the world because he impresses his personality on all with whom he comes in contact. The short, insignificant-looking man, on the other hand, generally passes unnoticed, or else is dismissed with the casual title of **"Little-So-and-So."**

There is so little difference between a short man and a tall one. A man of 5 foot 7 inches is short; a man of 5 foot 10 inches is tall. Think of it! Three inches make all the difference!

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It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience. It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, and Loss of Power in Men.

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To the inexperienced no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, or restore their Failing Energies. It will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to any address on receipt of Four Penny Stamps.

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# "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE.

## THE "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE

has been formed to secure a large following of interested readers, who will co-operate with us in extending the sale of *Modern Life*, so that this cleverly illustrated, witty and bright penny weekly shall be read by the people in every town and village in the Kingdom.

The yearly subscription to the League is sixpence.

**Readers wishing to become members should fill in the form below and enclose a P.O. for sixpence, together with a stamped addressed envelope.**

Each member will receive a card of membership bearing a registered number and will be entitled to participate in any of the benefits enumerated below.

### MEMBER'S APPLICATION FORM.

Please enter my name in the Register as a Member of the *Modern Life* League, and send me a membership card bearing my registered number, for which I enclose a P.O. for sixpence and a stamped addressed envelope. I will at all times do my best to increase the sale of the paper and introduce new members to the League.

Name .....

Address .....

In cases where members have been introduced, fill in below name and registered number of the member.

M..... Registered No. .....

*Modern Life* has already become an unqualified success and the circulation continues to grow by many thousands of copies each week.

This success is in a great measure due to the untiring efforts of our League members in introducing the paper to their friends and securing fresh members to the League. We want all new members to join in this good work, for which we will suitably reward them.

We have now completed arrangements whereby benefits which will appeal to all will be extended to *Modern Life* League members, and we shall continue to add to this list from time to time so as to make the League indispensable to all readers of this cleverly illustrated weekly that deals with Modern Life in all its phases.

We have just concluded very favourable arrangements with two big insurance companies which enable us to issue to League members of every class of insurance. Fire, Burglary, Accidents, etc., etc., and allow the substantial discount of 10 per cent. on all premiums. This benefit will prove an immense boon to thousands of our readers. In the first instance application should be made direct to us for proposal forms, and when writing state what class of policy you wish to take up.

## BENEFITS FOR LEAGUE MEMBERS

**A SILVER-PLATED SHAVING SET**
**or a**
**HANDSOMELY FRAMED FACSIMILE OIL PAINTING**

for every member introducing twelve new members to the League.

Half Crown P.O.s to all who distribute copies and obtain six new members.

10 per cent. discount will be allowed on all premiums to members who wish to insure against Life, Fire, Accident, Burglary, Workmen's Compensation, etc.

Members wishing to help the sale of *Modern Life* by distributing specimen copies should fill in the form below, enclose it in an envelope and address it to Distribution Dept., *Modern Life* Office, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

To all members sending in these forms together with the application forms of six new members we shall give weekly P.O.s each week.

### DISTRIBUTION FORM.

To the Editor, *Modern Life*.

I shall be pleased to distribute ..... copies of your publication among my friends, which you agree to send me free of charge.

It is understood that if I also introduce six new members you will send me a P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Name .....

Address .....

(Fill in above the number of copies you wish us to send you.)

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